CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

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The Canada-West for 1908

Ernest Thompson Seton

who contributes the story of "The White Man's Last Opportunity"

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

has contributed his first long article, written after six months' exploration of the Peace River country; his maps, photographs, etc. From Edwin Balmer, author of the "By Wireless" stories now appearing in the Saturday Evening Post, we have received the story of "The Man who would be Prophet." We have matter by Shailer Mathews, editor of The World To-Day, and dean of a great Divinity College; Arthur Stringer, poet and author; Agnes Deans Cameron, contributor to the Atlantic Monthly, etc.; William Hard of Everybody's Magazine; Elliott Flower, the novelist; Richard Henry Little, war correspondent; Mary Livingstone, Hubert McBean Johnston, Mae Harris Anson, Forrest Crissey, Jeannette Cooper, Rose King, Ernest Cawcroft, E. Cora Hind, Karl Edwin Harriman, Cy Warman, Herbert Quick, Jessie Beckton, and many others. We shall do our utmost to make each succeeding number of the Canada-West better than the last.

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"I'd use that baby to help me," he said

The Baby and The Burglar—See page 266

CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE

JANUARY
1908

VOL. III.
No. 3

The Isle o' Dreams

By Agnes Deans Cameron

Director Dominion of Canada Educational Association

WERE the press of America to-morrow to announce the discovery in mid-ocean of an island half the size of troubled Ireland, an Island within the sphere of English influence, where pulp-woods could be had for the pre-empting, where through the summer months salmon in shoals swim up to the cannery doors and all but deliver themselves into the waiting tins of the canner, where herring glut the eastern harbors so that navigation is a burden, where sperm whales in land-locked harbors are caught by steam, an island where 300-foot firs fringe the lip of ice-free harbors, and without transhipping the mill shunts its planed product into the waiting holds of sea-going ships, an island underlaid with coal measures ample for a continent's supply for a century, where strawberries produce $700 to the acre and wapiti roam in undepleted bands and one may catch 72-pound salmon on the rod—were we to hear, I say, for the first time of such an island, how men would crowd the decks and flash each to his fellow all round the Seven Seas the message:—

"O young Mariner
Down to the harbor call your companions,
Launch your vessel and crowd your canvas,
And ere it vanishes over the margin
After it, follow it, follow the Gleam!"

And yet all these things that we have hinted are true of North America's isle o' dreams, golden Vancouver, on the far off Georgian Gulf, these things and a thousand more.

In 1778 Captain Cook cast anchor in Nootka Sound on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Cook was seeking the elusive Anian Strait, that will-

o'-the-wisp which was to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific, whose existence all navigators for two centuries utterly believed in and eagerly sought. Cook went north to the Arctic and then returned to the Sandwich Islands, where he was killed by natives.

In the spring of 1842 James Douglas with a handful of men from the steamer Beaver landed on the buttercup swarded shore of Beacon Hill. An empire's history is marking that March day, and this little group of fifteen men is about to begin a chapter. To this end they employ no cunning colors of the cloister. Hewn logs and cedar posts are their writing tools. They came, these sturdy Scots, to build a fort for the Hudson's Bay Company. Hard tasks were theirs and rugged duties ere they fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces, and no visions of a peopled continent from ocean to ocean had they.

Most of the pioneers of colony times having borne the day's burden and heat have passed away, but two empire builders remain, the chaplain and the speaker of the first House of Assembly, which met in 1856, scholarly gentlemen of the old school, Bishop Cridge, and the "Old Doctor"—the Hon. J. S. Helmcken. Far-seeing both, broad-minded, courageous, yet withal gentle and most kindly, these two will be held in affectionate remembrance as 'long as one stone stands on another in Victoria City, and honor is a name to conjure with.

Through all these years, northward and westward—seaward, did Vancouver Island direct her energies. Northward and westward—seaward does she still look. Northward to the Yukon, coastwise to all the ancient wealth of Mexico, beyond the sugar-canes of Honolulu and the rose gardens of Nippon to Australia, India and the Isles of the Sea does she send her wares. Australia is her market and New Zealand, and in the morning mists comes a cry for Douglas firs and Sockeye salmon "out of China crost the Bay." Vancouver hears the East 'a-callin', the East just beyond the Rockies, calling for her shingles, her strawberries and her salmon; but on the edge of things,

"From East to West the circling word has passed
Till West is East beside our land-locked blue,"

and in the East which we call the Orient does Vancouver Island find her true market. The trans-Pacific lands are her oyster.

Vancouver Island's trade is already the largest in the world per head of population. What does she send out to the rest of the map? Fish, coal, gold, silver, copper, lead, timber, masts and spars, furs and sealskins, fish-oil, apples, whales and strawberries. The coasting vessels round her shores have a capacity of eight million tons and the sea-going vessels a tonnage of two million.

For many years out and in from Victoria Harbor plied the little black steamer "Beaver," the first steamer to cross the Atlantic westward and the first craft whose paddle wheels churned the waters of the Pacific. The old "Beaver" played an honorable part in the history of this west coast. In the days when the Sailor King ruled in Britain her keel was laid on the Thames bank in the year 1835, and it was the hand of a Duchess that broke the christening bottle over her bows. These were the days when men said not "How Cheap?" but "How Good?" It was the son of James Watt who built her engines, and yeoman work were they to do in another ocean and a New World. Up and down the Pacific coast she carried the fur traders, eager miners crowded her decks, seeking fortunes on Fraser placers; she became a survey ship for the British Government, and Imperial hydnographers compiled their charts in her aft cabin. The decadence of steamships is pathetic. We pity war horses made to do duty in milk wagons. From court-ladies to skid-greasers slipped the Beaver in her latter days, and none so poor to do her reverence. A tide rip landed her on the rocks of Vancouver harbor, and a passing steamer, an insolent new-comer, gave her her wash. Then broke her mighty

heart. Down through her oaken ribs slipped those salt-incrusted Watt boilers, and she yielded the ghost.

From that day to this the romance of the sea clings to the harbor of Victoria, where the world-end steamers wait. Years ago, in a little cottage on Bird Cage Walk, all through a winter and a summer, Lady Franklin waited for the word that came not from the ill-fated Polar expedition of Sir John. From the same harbor sailed last year the Arctic Expedition of Leffingwell and Einer Mikkelsen, in the little "Duchess of Bedford," on the bold and debonair search for a dream continent in Beaufort Sea.

Round the Horn in the early sixties came to this timber-covered colony a unique cargo, the iron church of St. John sent all the way from England in sections by the late Baroness Burdette Coutts. And to-day to Victoria harbor sail the fleets of all the world. Lie deep among the lilies of the golf links, where the noiseless waves softly spill themselves on the sand, and where across a sea of glass the Olympics pierce the sky with peaks of snow and carven silver and watch the vessels pass. The pheasants are calling in the long grass, a homing sea-gull flies overhead, a near-by meadow lark announces to all and sundry, "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world."

In and out among the kelp a Siwash canoe threads its way, the Indian is trawling for salmon, and in the offing the strange ships go down, the coastwise boats of the Canadian Pacific Railway, the big ships from Australia and the Orient, the great freighters of the China Mutual line, known about the world as the blue funnel liners, the Marcus or boats of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, that great Japanese steamship organization, which is bidding so bravely for supremacy in the North Pacific. Across our line of vision trails the smoke of Yukon gold ships and Mexican freighters, great colliers and lumber ships and the ore carriers from the North.

Beyond the smoke looms up the shore line of the island of San Juan, over which England and Uncle Sam almost came to blows and which in arbitration was given to the United States by the German Emperor, grandfather of the present Kaiser. And all around us is historic ground.

And after all Meares and Vancouver, and old Juan de Fuca and Sir Francis Drake were not so far off in their visions of a short cut to Europe. The Anian Strait of which they fondly dreamed, was a myth; the great transcontinental waterway through which they said the whales disporting themselves on every side must have passed, was a chimera of the imagination. But the trans-continental highway has been built, not once, but many times, a highway of steel and railroad sleepers, and to Victoria's front doors to connect with these come the ships of all the world.

The island of Vancouver has a diversity of inhabitants commensurate with the diversity of its industries. At the south, Victoria, which Edgar Wallace in the *London Mail*, calls "the Little-Johnny-Head-In-The-Air city of Canada," the population here is English and Scottish, sprinkled with Americans and Canadians. Chinese and Japs are an integral part of the people and an Indian rancherie, flourishes in the heart of the city.

Fifty miles north is the town of Duncan, a ranching community of English younger sons, where *Punch* and the *London Times* are read and British politics discussed, and where the small landed proprietor in immaculate Bond Street clothing peddles his own wares and pours out Browning with the morning's milk.

Not far from here a real live "wild man" inhabits the woods, terrorizes the children and puzzles the historical research societies. Slavery exists among the Indian tribes; a young girl was sold for $1500 to the highest bidder during a tribal feast, at auction, last week, and cannibalism is said to be regularly practised at Cape Scott.

On the west coast lives a man, the product of a British University, who took his library out into the ocean, tied the books with stones in bags and drowned them as deep as Prospero

buried his books on magic art. This man will not allow his children to be taught reading and brings them up veritable untutored savages, carrying them up to a flat-topped rock, reading to them books on Demonology, and scraping out wierd melodies on a cracked fiddle.

The Canadian Pacific Railway owns one and a half million acres of this great pine-covered land, a whole island of Sanitarium! Here are no malaria, no rattle-snakes, no earthquakes, no poisonous plants, no blizzards, no electrical storms, no famine nor sword.

Paper pulp making is one of Vancouver Island's most promising industries, and the Orient is her market. The Nile papyrus started this industry, the beech groves of Germany and England succeeded Egypt, and now is the day of the Canadian spruce forests. Vancouver Island has inexhaustible areas of pulp woods, wood that average 150 cords to the acre, running up as high as 500 cords.

Vancouver Island pulp makes not only paper but hollow ware, cigar boxes picture frames, car wheels, water pipes, telegraph poles, coffins, mattresses, lead pencils, shoe heels, vases, and ornaments, horse-shoes, bicycle bars, fruit tins, hats, piano cases and paving brick. Vancouver Island may well say, "Let me make the paper for the Orient, I care not who spoils it with the written word."

From the waters that surround this island $10,000,000 worth of fish is taken annually, giving employment to 20,000 people. The Atlantic fisheries have reached the maximum of development, whereas in the West only salmon has been exploited. The day of the commercial development of the halibut fisheries and those of the cod, herring, sturgeon, oolachan, smelt, sardines anchovies, oysters, clams, shrimps, and prawns, has yet to come. Vancouver Island has been so busy with the big things that she has ignored these smaller fry.

On the west coast of Vancouver Island is the world's largest whaling station. Two steamships and three factories are kept busy for twelve months in the year shooting the big mammals wth harpoon guns, and working up every ounce of the quarry into economic commodities. The oil goes to Europe by the Blue Funnel liners, the whalebone or baleen is used in the manufacture of fine silks, the choice cuts of the meat are esteemed a table delicacy by Chinese and Japs, the powdered guano is eagerly sought as a fertilizer. When the station was not yet a year old, a dividend of twenty three per cent. was declared to the stock owners.

One associates whaling with rough oceans and Arctic winters, yet a few miles from the Sechart station is Victoria, with the most desirable, the most nearly ideal climate in the world. This is not platitude but fact, fact borne out by the meteoroligal records of both Washington and Ottawa.

If you reach Victoria in July or August, the warmest months of the year, you will find a mean temperature of 60 degrees Fahrenheit and a rainfall of less than an inch a month. If you arrive in January or February, the coldest months, you find a temperature of 40 degrees, and a rain-fall of less than three inches a month.

The summer isotherm of 60 degrees leaving Victoria, runs inside the coast line as far north as the Yukon, then bending southeast it passes south of Hudson's Bay and north of Quebec, entering the Atlantic at Sydney, Nova Scotia. All south of this line, practically all the inhabited part of Canada, is hotter than Victoria during July or August.

The winter isotherm of 40 degrees after leaving Victoria, enters the mainland at Seattle, and runs inside the coast line as far south at Phoenix, Arizona: then crossing the Southern States, enters the Atlantic at Norfolk, Virginia. All north of this line, that is all of Canada, and practically all of the United States except Florida, is colder than Victoria in January and February.

The atmosphere of Victoria is unique. The idle tourist, spending a summer week within her borders, carries the witchery of her charm with him where-

ever he wanders. What makes that charm? It is compounded of many simples—the sea has much to do with it, the multitudinous roses contribute, the gentle voices of the people play no small part, the breezes are soft with suggestiveness.

The sun never sets with greater beauty than over the edge of the Sooke Hills, tipping the rough-hewn silver of the Olympics with a rosy glow, and spilling itself in prodigality over the waters of the Fucon Straits. It doesn't take an artist to catch a quick, elusive glimpse of that light that never was on sea or land. You see the reflection of it in the rounded face of that small laddie standing with the piece of kelp in his hand, arrested in his play by the impelling beauty of the colors of that spilt spectrum.

Victoria is the most beautiful city of Canada, and the most wealthy city on the Pacific coast per capita. On the streets is the most cosmopolitan crowd that ever jostled cheek by jowl in an American city.

Ask a dozen men in rotation how each makes his living. The first is a lumberman, he converts Douglas firs into ship masts and bridge timbers. The next man draws from his pocket a buckskin poke of dust, he is a gold miner from the Yukon. Number three talks learnedly to you of flats and smalls and sockeyes, he has half a million invested in salmon canneries. Behind him, arm in arm, are the owner of a "ranch" of Magoon strawberries at Gordon Head, and a breeder of prize Herefords on the Cowichan. The next man is a copper miner at Mount Sicker, and behind him stalks the owner of a sealing schooner plying into Dutch harbor, engaged in warm discussion with a whaler from Sechart.

The next citizen is a lady with an English pedigree and a double-barrelled name, she breeds thoroughbred terriers in her own kennels on an island in the Gulf, and exchanges ideas on the political situation in England with a retired captain of the British army, who owns an adjacent island of his own, and sends out from it, by the hands of an Indian, in a chartered canoe, the Mss. of novels and virile verse, which stand unabashed in the presence of a Kipling or a Jack London.

On the streets on the polyglot town the Indian clam digger brushes the smart red tunic of Tommy Atkins, and the sailor from Esquimalt hobnobs with the Hindoo. Down on the water front Greek fishermen, swart Italian, Kanaka, Lascar and Songhees half-caste share together their in-shore cabins, and when the salmon run in the Straits and the glutted gulls fly shoreward, go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters.

The city of Victoria runs down in broom and buttercups to the country lanes, and the pines of the forest creep into the city streets. Half an hour's walk from the heart of the town in any direction deposits one in the midst of a tangled jungle of beautiful and sweet scented things, wild roses, arbutus trees, honey-suckles, sweet briar and the golden blossoms of the broom, over it all the bluest of blue skies, and giant pines the background of the picture. In from the Straits, with the evening breeze, comes a salty sea-suggestiveness, and the happy wayfarer heaves a deep sigh of content, murmuring. "It is good for us to be here!"

The Surrender

By Jeannette Cooper

Author of "A Wasted Rehearsal," "The Ghost of the Trail," etc.

"AND they do say there have been tramps about," said Bridget Flynn.

Kate turned in the doorway to look back at her domestic. "I believe you are afraid to stay alone," she accused her.

"The idea!" said Bridget with dignity. "I was only thinkin' that if your ma was here sha'd not be wantin' you to walk very far. The days is short this time o' year."

"I won't be gone long," laughed Kate, and went off across the fields her red coat a bright bit of color in the grays and browns of the landscape.

It was one of those days that come in the land of the Chinook, a day when Winter finds himself banished, temporarily but decidedly, and almost the scent of spring blossoms is in the air. The sun was still high and the wind fresh and sweet when Kate returned from her walk. Rose color lay in her cheeks: her eyes were shining.

Bridget Flynn awaited on the porch.

"What's the matter?" called Kate gaily. Then as she came near enough to see the expression on her servants' countenance her voice fell to a hushed query. "What is it?" she repeated.

"It's a tramp!" said Bridget sepulchrally.

The rose color fled from Miss Farleigh's cheeks.

"Where?" she breathed.

"He's in the kitchen eatin' cake and makin' up lies," said Bridget with the grim quiet of one whose message needs no added force of words.

"He'll go through the house."

"Everything's locked up."

"The backstairs."

"He won't never think o' them stairs," Bridget had not thought of them herself.

"Bridget, go in at once and see where he is."

"I shouldn't think you'd be wantin' anybody else to tend to 'im," objected Bridget "You've got so many plans for getting rid of 'em."

The lack of faith implied in the tone of her own hired help aroused Miss Farleigh.

"Something must be done," she began.

"And that's no lie of you, Miss Kate," assented Bridget encouragingly.

"There is no doubt that he means to rob the house."

"That's what he means, the bla'guard!"

For a moment Kate was lost in deep, strategic thought. Then she bent forward and whispered.

"We must lock him in."

"Bridget was staggered for an instant but recovered bravely. "I knew you cud fix 'im, the villian!" she said admiringly.

"You must get him up the back stairs," continued the commanding general, hurriedly. "Tell him the lady of the house wishes to see him. Then you must go through into the blue room and lock the door on that side. Meanwhile I will go after and lock the door of the back stairs behind him."

Bridget's face was a study as Miss Farleigh evolved this masterly scheme, and she realized that hers was to be the leading role, but all her objections were over-ruled, and with a blank face and lagging steps she moved kitchenward.

The dining room lay between the kitchen and the piazza and Kate pausing there, had just a glimpse of a big, red faced man as he got up and with a slight limp followed Bridget. She crept across the kitchen and listen-

ed at the door. She heard Bridget say, "Wait here till I speak the missus." Then she heard the door slam and the bolt shoot.

The tramp appeared to realize the situation. He turned instantly and was half way down the stairs before Kate could get the door shut. "What a wicked face!" she thought, with a shudder as she turned the key and fled back to the side porch. Bridget came around from the front part of the house, a smile of self congratulation spreading broadly.

"He won't be gettin' out of there in a hurry," she said, and then they sat down close together on the step to talk it over.

Presently a feeling of compassion, borne of their perfect security assailed Kate.

"Has he anything to sit on?" she asked

"Yes," answered Bridget.

"What is it?"

"The flure."

Kate looked at her reproachfully. "We ought not to make him stand all night," she said.

"Better ordher him a settoo," said Bridget, shortly.

"I think I'll offer him a chair," Kate said.

She rose and went bravely back to the kitchen, picturing pityingly, a worn and tattered vagrant standing wearily at the top of her back stairs. A look of perplexity perched upon her brow as she paused with a preliminary little cough.

"What shall I call him?" she queried, glancing back at Bridget who had followed as far as the door.

"'Hobo' would do."

"I shall not take advantage of a helpless prisoner to call him names," with much dignity.

"Call me Bertie," suggested a voice so close that they both started.

"He is listening," whispered Kate, as one who imparts a strange fact. "Do you want a chair?" aloud.

"Yes," eagerly, but in a half choked whisper.

"How queer his voice sounds!" This in an aside to Bridget. "Do you think he is ill?"

"Smallpox, likely," said Miss Flynn.

"I am really afraid he is ill. He is lame, too, and not a chair to sit upon." Then, approaching the door, from which she had precipitately retired, and, speaking in a firm tone:

"If you will promise to wait at the head of the stairs, Bridget will put a chair in there for you."

Amazement and mutiny struggled on Bridget's face.

"I'd prefair bein' excused," she said.

Kate gave her a reproachful look and got the chair herself.

"Do you promise?"

"I do," was the answer. But there was a flippancy about the tongue that did not inspire confidence. She hesitated, thought it over, looked at Bridget's uncompromising face and waited. She heard him go up the steps, but he could so easily come down, and it takes so long to put a chair through a door. Pity struggled with discretion. Even as she put her hand on the knob her courage failed

"Tramp," she called, softly. "I – I'm afraid," after which humiliating confession she retired to the porch to watch for teams.

A shout of laughter from the back stairs followed her.

"It is a very angry laugh," she thought. "I'm glad I did not trust him."

Bridget followed with great promptness, saying that the prisoner was making all sorts of promises, and telling all sorts of lies. With a business-like air Miss Farleigh proposed walking to the next house for help, but Bridget refused unconditionally to be left alone with the captive. Neither would she entertain the thought of herself walking to the next house and leaving Miss Farleigh alone, and Miss Farleigh did not insist.

"I believe," she said, "that he is a regular professional house breaker. He does not look nor act like an ordinary tramp. His face would be almost handsome, except for the traces of crime."

"And dirt," added Bridget.

"I wish some one would go by"

"I mistrust yer scairt yerself, Miss Kate. Yer face is as white as anything, and your eyes is as big as a saucer"

"I am not in the least scared, Bridget," with a vehement unveracity. "It is so fortunate that we thought to lock the man up. He is quite harmless where he is and some one is sure to be passing before dark. Isn't it nearly time for supper?"

Her pretence at courage shamed Bridget.

"It's all but ready," she said, eyeing the firm young figure with some admiration. "Will I make you coffee or chocolate, Miss Kate?"

"I should not presume to dictate"—it was the voice of the tramp, and Kate and Bridget seized hold of each other—"but my personal preference would be for coffee."

"Where is it?" said Bridget, wildly. She was rapidly coming to the conclusion that there was something uncanny about their visitor.

"It is on the roof of the porch," exclaimed the voice politely. "My window opens on to it, and nothing was said about not getting out of a window. But if it is against the *reglement de pension* I'll crawl back," sadly.

The two below looked at each other aghast.

"I think I've sprained my ankle," continued the man overhead, who seemed to appreciate an opportunity for conversation. "You need have no fear of my jumping," at which suggestion the two women retreated to the back of the porch.

"Howly——," began Bridget, in a voice that was all but inaudible.

"Sh! Don't do anything to make him angry. Keep quiet and he won't know we are here."

"Ladies!"

A breathless hush, while mistress and maid looked at each other for courage.

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," murmured the voice, after a prolonged pause.

Neither one moved; they scarcely breathed.

"I wonder," went on the voice, sadly, "whether I would be allowed to tame a rat."

The stillness grew.

"Or with a nail to scratch upon the walls a brief account of my young life."

"The new wall paper," breathed Bridget, rolling horror stricken eyes at her companion. Suddenly she pointed convulsively. A dusty shoe and a few inches of torn trouser leg were visible.

Fascinated they gazed

"Do you think he'll jump?" whispered Kate. "Maybe he's hungry."

"He et seven doughnuts," snorted Bridget.

"Only four," corrected the voice. "If the servant could hand up something, I'd agree not to keep the sp[illegible]"

"We had better, Bridget, come." Together they fled to the kitchen. Together they returned with a tray hastily laden with what they deemed most likely to propitiate a hungry burglar. Then Kate, her courage screwed to a possible sticking point and herself balanced on the back of a garden chair, while Bridget held her and the chair steady, leaned out and lifted the little tray bravely up. A hand took it from her, whereat her courage slipped down several notches, and she slipped, too, and would have fallen, but that another hand seized her wrist. The tramp bent over the edge of the roof and smiled at her

"Lave er go, ye villian!" roared Bridget, from below.

"Thank you," said Kate, breathlessly. "I can get down now."

"Praise the saints! There's a team," cried Bridget.

"Where?" demanded Kate and the tramp together.

"Now you'll get what's comin' to ye, ye ould marauder!" Bridget apostrophized the piazza roof. "Come, Miss Kate, it's turnin' in," and together they flew through the house and out of the back door to greet the welcome comer

A young man it was; a young man with a perturbed and anxious face.

"Halloo, Kate," he said, briefly. "I want to water the beast. I can't

stay. I'm looking for a friend—Robert Graham; you've heard me speak of him. He came out from town yesterday and we had a bet up that he couldn't ride that bay of Flints'. I ought to have known better, but—well, anyway, he started off this morning on a dead run, and the brute came back this afternoon without him." He was getting a pail of water for the horse as he talked. Bridget with wide open mouth, surveyed him.

Kate, with the skill of one practiced in strategy, grasped the situation.

"Wait until I come back, Bob," she said, hurriedly, and then she flew up the back stairs and confronted the astonished but still affable prisoner, who had just returned from the piazza roof and was carefully selecting a place on the floor for his tray.

Kate went close up to him with a mixture of shame-facedness and confiding trust that struck him as surprisingly agreeable. She even, in her earnestness, put her small white hand on his dusty sleeve. She looked straight into his attentive eyes.

"You won't tell Bob?" she said.

"Certainly not," he assured her, promptly. "I wouldn't think of it."

"Oh, thank you," cried Kate.

"May I ask," he said, with anxious deference, "what it is that I am not to tell Bob?"

Redder grew Kate. Her eyes sought the floor and fell upon the tray, which did not materially relieve her embarrassment.

"Bob would never stop teasing me," she murmured

"Bob shall never know," he assured her.

"Why didn't you say who you were?" demanded Miss Farleigh, plucking up more spirit with this reiterated assurance.

He laughed, and Kate moved away a little and looked reproachful.

"I did tell the cook," he hastened to say. "She was too scared to understand, I fancy. Of course, if you had been here it would have been a different matter. She flew to propitiate me with cake and it was so good that I gave up explanations."

"You might have told me."

"I supposed that she had told you and that you shared her incredulity. Of course, I saw at once that you were not frightened, but you did not give me any opportunity for a prolonged recital of my misfortunes."

"Come," said Miss Farleigh with sudden haste. "Bob is waiting. Bob is my cousin," she added.

"Oh, thank you, he returned, with quite inexplicable fervor.

They found Bob eyeing with much disfavor the rolling figure of the cook who was seated on the top step her head enveloped in her gingham apron. He turned an amazed face upon the approaching pair. Kate, with a confidence that appealed to Mr. Graham's masculine sense of fitness, left all explanations to him.

"Sorry you were worried, my boy," he said, airily." I've been resting a bit here at your cousin's before starting for your place. I found my ride fatiguing."

"How—" began Bob.

"Oh, you won your bet alright. He put me off before I got to my station."

"Well, I'll be jiggered," said Bob, disgustedly. "Here you were comfortable and happy,"—Bridget choked in her apron — "while I was chasing around the country for nothing."

"Your disappointment is pathetic. Naturally when you were looking for my lifeless form, it is trying to find me in robust health. I would have loved to gratify you, but life is sweet to the worst of us."

"You were always a selfish brute," said Bob. "Do I understand that we are invited to supper, Kate?"

"Of course," said his cousin. "You will have to take care of your horse yourself. James is having a vacation this week."

"You don't mean you are staying here alone! Aren't you afraid of tramps?"

"No," said Kate, turning scarlet to her ears. "Hurry Bob, please. It is supper time."

"Will yous be havin' coffee or chocolate?" said Bridget, and went into another paroxysm of merriment and

shook herself into the house.

"Do you think, Kate," said her cousin, confidentially, as the domestics' broad back disappeared from view, "that that cook of yours is all right? All the time you were gone she sat and looked at me and conducted herself in the manner you have witnessed. I never considered myself such a howling joke as all that."

"We seldom appreciate our own best points," said Mr. Graham. 'Come on, let's feed your horse.

"Now this is worth while," said Bob, with restored amiability, as they sat down to one of Bridget's best efforts. "Even worth finding you alive, Robert. I was on the brink of galloping starvation. You don't seem to have your usual boisterous appetite, my dear fellow. You must have been stayed with fruit cake and comforted with iced tea earlier in the afternoon."

Before Kate's inner eye came a vision of her guest sitting cross-legged on her piazza roof while he took his supper from a tray. Her face curved into an irrepressible, though embarrassed, smile. Mr Graham's eyes held a sympathetic gleam. Bridget, who had just placed a cup of coffee beside his plate, broke into a sudden roar and retired to the kitchen.

Bob looked at his cousin with an air of final exasperation. "She is drunk, Kate" he said

Kate shook her head helplessly. "No, she isn't, Bob. Don't mind her. How is your mother?"

"She is all right. She will be out here when she knows that you are alone. You've no business staying here with nobody but that blethering idiot. What would you do if a tramp should happen along, I'd like to know?" He suspended operations to stare with stern inquiry at his cousin

"I'd trust Miss Farleigh to manage a tramp," said Mr. Graham, with cheerful optimism, "but if your mother will allow me to drive her out tomorrow it will give me great pleasure."

"The man can bring her out. You've got that polo match on hand."

"I never cared much for polo," said Mr. Graham.

"Never cared for polo!" expostulated Bob. He stared in a dazed manner at his friend. Then he gazed meditatively at the ceiling and a grin grew upon his countenance and dwelt there

. . .

"After all, it is not surprising that I fell in love with you," said Robert Graham

June roses were red in the Farleigh garden. Kate, in a thin white gown sat on a garden bench with a sewing basket beside her.

"I never considered it surprising," she said.

"I was alluding," she explained, elaborately, "to your evident determination, when we first met, not to let me get away. When I was immured on your piazza roof—."

"How could anyone be immured on a roof?" interrupted Kate.

"When I was immured on your piazza roof," he repeated, "there was a chance of escape. I had not seen you then. Excuse me for moving your basket, dear, but this bench is designed for two."

Miss Farleigh laid down her work and looked sternly at the young man.

"Why did I promise to marry you?' she asked.

' Because in an unguarded moment I asked you."

She arose and put the sewing basket in her own place

"I'll take it back," said Robert, hastily. "That's not the right answer. It was because under no other conditions would I promise not to allude to a certain November day."

"Have you kept your word?"

"I have not, my beloved, but I am going to from this on." He lifted the basket from the bench and looked at her invitingly. "It is a good deal to expect a man never to mention the day that set the world singing for him, but—Ah! that is better! Let's leave that basket in the house after this, Kate."

Selling an Empire

By F. W Russell

ENOUGH land to support a nation of men, women and children, to grow millions of bushels of grain, to raise countless herds of cattle; enough land to make a good-sized country—*twenty-eight million acres in all*—that is what the Canadian Government gave to a corporation of a few men

Virgin prairie and forest primeval it was, at the time of the gift; except for the trapper and the hunter, a country without human beings, a world of mystery over which the Hudson Bay Company had held sway and from which they had rigorously excluded the rest of mankind. Now, thousands of people are taking possession of it, are turning its fields yellow with wheat, are making it famous for its cattle and horses, are covering it with their homes and their hopes. Democracy reigns there instead of absolutism, and competition instead of the most exacting monopolies.

The Canadian Government gave the land to this corporation of a few men that, through and by means of them, it might be made ready for the occupancy of the people of the world; and to describe the way in which this is being accomplished is to tell the story of the most remarkable population movement known to history.

The statistical statements embodied in the annual reports of the Canadian Pacific Railway include figures relating to the land grants which are not only interesting as shewing clearly the development of the country, but are very suggestive of the important nature of the work transacted by the company's land department, for it is evident that the administration and disposal of upwards of twenty-eight millions of acres of land involve considerations that undoubtedly affect the well being, not only of the shareholders of the road, but also of every man, women and child whose future is concerned with the up-building of Western Canada

By way of preliminary explanation, it may be well to say that the original land grant of the company for the construction of the transcontinental railway from Montreal to the Pacific Ocean was twenty-five millions of acres of land fairly fit for settlement to be selected in a belt twenty-four miles wide on each side of the main-line from Winnipeg to the Rocky Mountains, any deficiency in the area to be taken from blocks of land outside the main line belt set apart for that purpose. The company's charter covering this agreement was dated 1880 and subsequently the company earned additional lands by the construction of branch lines.

It is now rather more than twenty-six years ago, or to be exact, on the twenty-first of September 1881, that the first sale of land was put through the books of the department, and from that day to this, the administration of the department shows a record of unremitting endeavor to work out the great problem of the country's future in a way that would ensure the very best results to all concerned.

The year 1881 was an eventful period in the history of western Canada in as much as it was then that the attention of the world was first attracted to the western prairies by the building of the Canadian Pacific, and in the real estate boom which specially marked that period there is no doubt that had the management of the railway company so desired, they might then and there have easily

realized large sums of money by disposing of vast areas of their land grant to eager speculators. It is well known, however, that they did nothing of the kind, but instead they inaugurated the policy which has ever since been maintained, of disposing of the lands in such a way as to ensure as far as they could the settlement and development of the country. In accordance with this policy the lands were put on the market at a flat price of $2.50 per acre and sold exclusively under settlement conditions which provided for the breaking and cultivation of half the area sold under each contract Having thus done what they could to ensure the purchase of the lands by actual settlers, the company, through its land department from this foundation built up step by step the masterly, patriotic, and at the same time business-like policy which has at once served the best interests of western Canada, and has at the same time from the company's point of view got the very best results from the land grants.

The year 1882 saw the commencement of a long period of depression which seriously affected every business interest of the country, and which must have been a time of special anxiety to the officials of the Canadian Pacific Railway. They knew, of course, that so far as the agricultural resources of the country were concerned a set back of this kind would be only a temporary one, and by combining true consideration for the interests of the settlers with a due regard for the rights of the company, they tided over the bad years and enabled every farmer settled upon Canadian Pacific land, who made any effort at all, to gradually improve his position, and finally reap the reward which was in store for him when the good times returned. It was in 1887 that a good crop, combined with improved financial conditions, restored general confidence in the country, and from that date onwards so far as crops have been concerned the results have been most satisfactory. But this does not mean that it was all smooth sailing in the administration of the company's lands. There was for instance, the period when the price of wheat went down to the lowest figure on record, and when the land department accepted wheat in settlement of deferred payments under their land contracts giving credit to their purchasers' accounts at fifty cents a bushel when the market price of wheat went as low as thirty-seven cents. There were times too when owing to the low price of wheat or for local reasons which specially affected certain districts, the settlers were utterly unable not only to make any payment to the company on account of their lands, but could not even settle their taxes, and some of the municipalities were very seriously affected financially on this account. The Company carried over the payments due them, and from time to time advanced on their purchasers' accounts very large sums in settlement of taxes. Later on as the country developed and new districts were opened up, the land department inaugurated extensive systems of advertising the country, and by agency arrangements all over the world brought very large numbers of desirable settlers. Under the auspices of the Department too, various colonies were formed in different sections of the country, and during their earlier stages were nursed along and finally have become the centers of very prosperous settlement. During all these various periods, the company have disposed of their lands under terms and conditions which seemed to be suitable to the times, and which were calculated to produce the best results all round, and two or three years ago when the time appeared to be ripe they contributed largely to the tremendous influx of the last few years by interesting several large colonization organizations in Western Canada, by selling to those organizations tracts of land at low rates, and thereby obtaining for Western Canada the benefit of the machinery which had been largely instrumental in settling up the northwest states.

There is one feature of the policy

of the company which calls for special reference, and that is, the system which has been followed in pricing land, and the regulations under which the lands have been disposed of, the policy in these regards having had a very considerable effect on the welfare of the country from the point of view of speculation, as it affects permanent and beneficial settlement and development. In this respect it may be said that the Canadian Pacific Railway Company have many times, at periods of undue land excitement, acted as a safety valve, and have been able to safe-guard the best interests of the country. Controlling a vast area of land, all of which is suitable for settlement, the officials of the land department by carefully watching the signs of the times, and by following closely their well marked plan of building up agricultural communities have been in a position to see when the limit of legitimate speculation has been reached, and have without working any hardship to anyone, and without putting any obstacle in the way of desirable investment, been able in a very large measure to direct the land business of the whole country into proper channels.

In other ways too, the company has been busy building up the commercial and agricultural prosperity of the west, and notably may be cited the establishment and administration of the townsites along the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway and branches—the market towns at which the farmer disposes of his produce and obtains his supplies—and the scores of prosperous commercial centers which cluster around the railway stations are eloquent witnesses in this regard.

Now in promoting all these undertakings, and in carrying on the land business and the immigration business of the company, the land department has necessarily been more or less in constant touch with a large majority of those who are building up the farming industry and the commercial businesses of the great west, and it is quite within the truth to say that the verdict of all who know anything of the matter is that fair treatment, and business-like consideration have at all stages marked the attitude of the department in its dealings with the land-seeking and land-developing public.

From the company's point of view the results of all this have been most satisfactory.

One striking proof is to be found in the comparatively high standing, even at the present period of financial stringency, of C. P. R. stock in the markets of the world Investors are now realizing that through the administration of its lands the company have built up immense agricultural communities throughout the territory served by its lines which must mean permanent and lucrative business for the road. From the investor's point of view the immense increase in the business of the land department during the last three or four years is undoubtedly a most important consideration. During the extraordinary development which the past three or four years have witnessed vast areas have been settled, towns by the score have sprung up in all directions, and everything that would tend to encourage the movement has received the valuable aid of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. It is not too much to say that many of the most important features of the great movement have been initiated and carried to completion in the offices of the land department and great as the business of the department has been during the past few years, it seems to grow greater daily. With millions of dollars outstanding in deferred payments, with land sales at constantly increasing values, and with the great increase in the townsite business, the land department offices of the company are, and will no doubt continue in the future, the scenes of great business activity, and a business is being done there which must be in the highest degree satisfactory to the stock holders of the road.

The Warm Chinook

By Richard A. Haste

NATURE is not an impartial mother. To some of her children she extends the lavish hand of abundance, but upon others she looks with an eye of anger and lashes them with the scourge of neglect. It is the law. Moreover, it was the law in the beginning, when the infinite fiat went forth—the fiat that created the heavens and the earth, that reared the mountains, that clothed the valleys, that spread out the waste places of the world. "To him that hath shall be given; and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." This is the law

Immediately east of the Rocky Mountains and north of the international boundary line lies a land blessed of the Gods—a land over which bending nature ever smiles and into whose cradle she emptied her golden horn—the territory of Alberta

No other political division of the great virgin empire of the Northwest contains so much that is necessary to modern civilization and so little that is useless. Here are plains, valleys, foothills and mountains, rolling prairies with wooded stretches between, grassy meadows and dense forests, cold mountain streams, navigable rivers and clean-shored lakes, timber-girdled and silent. Covering the surface from valley to mountain base is a soil rich in the alluvial and vegetable accumulation of centuries. Not content with these visible signs of her favor, Nature hid beneath the surface vast deposits of coal and iron, she filled the subterranean reservoirs with oil and gas and sprinkled the sands of the mountain streams with gold. That no living thing should go athirst, she gathered together the waters of the mountains and brought them to the plains to be directed by the ingenuity of man to the use of the planted fields. Then to crown her efforts and leave nothing incomplete, she brought the Chinook, warm with the breath of May to temper the north wind.

UNIQUE CLIMATIC FEATURES OF THE NORTHWEST.

The most interesting as well as the most important characteristic feature of the Canadian Northwest is the climate. Examine carefully the lines of an isothermal map and you will note that they swerve sharply to the north after rounding the head of Lake Superior. And this northern tendency is accented as the Rocky Mountains are approached You will observe that the average annual temperature of St. Paul and Edmonton differ but one degree. The official reports from the meterological stations show that here, north of the 49th parallel, is a country with an average temperature as high as that of Southern Minnesota a country where the summers with their long bright days are cool and the winters moderate The summers being cooler than those in Minnesota the winters must be more moderate to keep down the average. Little snow falls in Southern Alberta, and four hundred miles north of Edmonton in the Peace River Valley wheat, oats, and all kinds of vegetables flourish as in more southern latitudes.

A commercial drummer who had traveled much in the northwest, in speaking of the change of climate as you approach the Rockies remarked, "if you go far enough west you are bound to come to summer." This is contrary to our accepted ideas of the progress of the seasons, but the drummer was more than half right. And it is mostly owing—in the northwest—to the Chinook winds

Whether the Chinook winds have their origin in the warm atmosphere of the Pacific Ocean or the parched plains of Arizona, or whether they result from a disturbance of those great cyclonic areas that form in the regions of the Pacific and move east over the mountains, robbed of their moisture by the intervening peaks and then heated by compression as they slide down the atmospheric gradient to the east; whether they come from the ocean through mountain passes or are but vagrant winds which have been lost in the upper regions of the air, are interesting questions, but the answers are apart from the object of this article.

The fact remains that they come blowing soft and warm apparently from the ice-fields that crown the Rockies. Come whence they may they dominate the climate of Alberta as completely as do the warm winds from the Gulf Stream the climate of western Europe.

In Southern Alberta the Chinook is a dry wind. In winter it does not melt the snow, but laps it up—absorbs it—leaving the ground bare and dry; but to the north it blows moist and with much less velocity. To the south it leaves a treeless plain, but to the north the forests thrive in its embrace.

Does the Chinook blow constantly? By no means; neither is it governed by any seeming fixed law—so far as the scientists have been able to determine. It may blow to-day or a month from to-day, or it may "Chinook" for weeks at a time

COMING OF THE CHINOOK.

The name "Chinook" was applied to a moist warm wind that blew over the Hudson's Bay Fur Company post near Astoria. It came from the direction of the mouth of the Columbia River, where there was a large camp of Chinook Indians. The name applied [illegible] by the traders has fastened itself upon any and all of those peculiar winds that blow warm from the west and northwest.

West of the Cascades the Chinook is a warm moist wind, but those winds which sweep the eastern slope of the Rockies are universally dry, except in Northern Alberta. Here they are warm and usually followed by rain.

Chinook winds are prevalent in Montana, extending over the Dakotas, and in some instances being felt as far east as Minnesota. But nowhere else east of the mountains do they dominate the climate to such an extent as they do in Alberta.

It was in November, 1903 that I was sent to Alberta to make some personal observations on the effect of the Chinook winds. I had experienced the hot winds of the Southwest and the summer Chinooks of the northwest but had never seen the effect of a winter Chinook.

I left Winnipeg about the tenth of the month. Winter had arrived, heralded by a norther which brought a fall of five inches of snow, followed by a fall of temperature to several degrees below zero. As I started for the west the prairies of Manitoba and the vast plains of the West were covered with a crisp, drifting snow sheet. A thousand miles of gray sky met and blended with the unbroken whiteness of the plain. Invisible clouds "spit" snow—icy particles that whirled and scurried before the wind. It looked as if winter had come to stay—that he had set his icy seal permanently upon the Northland.

When I arrived at Lethbridge in Southern Alberta it was still cold, the ground was covered with snow and the sky was gray. It had been so for a week. The cattle were roaming disconsolately over the prairie, looking for bare spots that the wind had uncovered.

Among the letters of introduction I had brought was one to Mr. McGrath [illegible] Northwest Irrigation Company. To him I announced my errand.

"Well" said he "now that you have caught us we might as well tell you the truth about this country. This [illegible] truth."

With this statement Mr. Evans, the assistant manager who had lived in Alberta a number of years, took

issue. He assured me that the snow would soon be gone; that a Chinook was due now—at any time; that it might appear to-morrow or next day—anyway within a week.

"Why do you think a Chinook is coming," I asked.

"Well, in the first place one is due about now, we have had this weather for over a week. But the surest sign is the way the cattle act. They are spreading out to the best ranges to be on the ground when the Chinook comes. They seem to know a day or two ahead."

That a Chinook was due was the opinion of the citizens of Lethbridge generally—in the face of five inches of snow and zero weather they had absolute faith in the near approach of a Chinook—and summer.

When the white clouds begin to gather about the head of "Old Chief" (a magnificent peak some seventy miles to the southwest) you may look for a Chinook, I was informed. So I waited. I arrived early Monday morning, and Tuesday brought no change. The sky remained gray and the wind blew cold from the northeast. To me it looked like a hopeless wait.

Three days passed without a change of temperature or any change in the appearance of the sky—then came the fourth—and with it the Chinook.

In the morning the sun rose clear revealing vast masses of clouds about the crests of the mountains to the west. The air was still, almost painfully still. About ten o'clock a gentle breeze sprang up from the southwest—it was balmy—the chill in the air had vanished. Then the wind freshened until it blew a gale of twenty-five miles per hour.

Tumultuous banks of white clouds hung about the mountains, but did not advance with the wind. All day and into the night this warm breath from the mountains blew steady—strong.

When morning came the snow was gone. Birds twittered and the scent of spring was in the air. I had seen the effect of a winter Chinook in Alberta. Four days later I was in Edmonton. It had been raining there. A week later in Calgary I saw pansies in the gardens—the weather was that of an April day in Minnesota.

On my return I struck winter again at Regina, and at Winnipeg it was snug and comfortable with the thermometer 6 below.

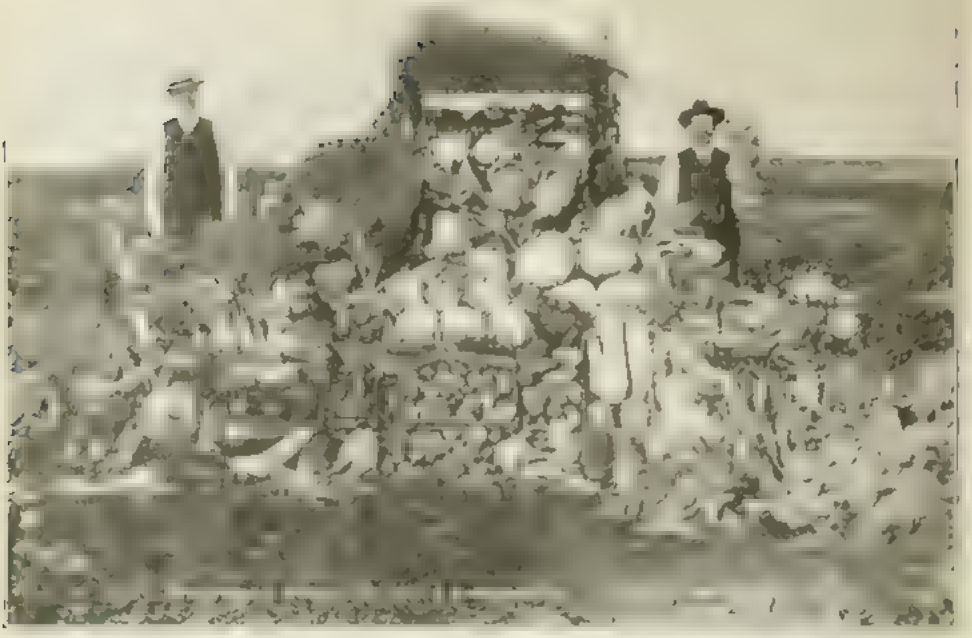
This was in November, 1903. In February following I received a letter from Mr. Evans of Lethbridge enclosing a report of the weather station with the remark "we have had no winter since you were here."

Let it not be understood that Alberta has no cold winter weather. Sometimes the mercury drops to 40 below, but relief usually comes soon. Sometimes, but rarely, the cold wave comes and stays a month. Then the live stock is apt to suffer, but in recent years provisions are being made against such contingencies, by providing hay and shelter.

A REGION OF UNEXPLORED RESOURCES

A line drawn from east to west not far from the fiftieth parallel will divide Alberta into two unequal parts This territorial cleavage is not artificial, but is caused by natural conditions, and divides the territory into sections with well-defined individual characteristics.

The southern portion, embracing less than one-tenth of the area of the province is semi arid, that is to say is uncertain, for a number of years it may be abundant and then for a period the average will be less than is essential to mature ordinary field crops. But so well watered is this portion of the province that the conditions are ideal for irrigation. The Canadian Northwest Irrigation company has an extensive system centering at Lethbridge, and the Canadian Pacific Railway have under construction, and partially completed the largest irrigation scheme on the continent—a proposition that will place under ditch 3,000,000 acres of the finest land in the northwest. The entrance to the main canal is just below Calgary on the Bow River. The water supply is ample for the district included in the plans which include tracts lying on the north side of the Bow River between Calgary and Medicine Hat.



Southern Alberta is practically a treeless country but fifty miles north of Calgary you begin to strike stretches of timber, poplar, birch and spruce. The timber increases as you go north or west towards the foothills. This park country extends to the Peace River and a more beautiful country does not exist. I have driven for five hundred miles through Alberta and western Saskatchewan without finding a limit to this succession of prairie and woodland.

The material development of Alberta has been phenomenal, even in this phenomenal northwest, and the next three years will break all previous records. Until within the last eighteen months, but one railway, a branch of the Canadian Pacific extended north of Calgary. Now the Canadian Northern enters Edmonton from the east, is building lines north to Athabaska Landing and northwest towards the Peace River. Another year will see the Grand Trunk Pacific running trains from Winnipeg to Edmonton on its way to the new port, Prince Rupert on the Pacific. The Canadian Pacific, not to be outdone by its young rivals has also under another line via Saskatoon to Edmonton. All these lines with their local branches and feeders will be completed and in operation before 1909. Such rapidity of railroad construction has never been equalled in the United States and when we remember that the tide of immigration into Alberta keeps about two paces ahead of the railroad construction, we get something of an idea of what is doing in this far-off land of the Chinook.

And this reminds me that one of the first things that strikes the casual observer on looking over the map of the Canadian Northwest is the apparent remoteness of Alberta. Leaning against the eastern shoulder of the Rockies it seems far away from the great centers of civilization. It must be remembered, however, that to be

far away from one place is to be near another and isolation itself has advan-

Alberta is sufficient unto itself. On reaching there you feel at once the sundering of eastern ties, even the middle west is out of your mental range. You are in another atmosphere, another world, the world of the Pacific slope. You are east of the mountains, it is true, but beyond these peaks is the Pacific and the Orient. It is fifteen hundred miles to Lake Superior and only five hundred miles to the Pacific. Here is a land that does not need the east or the west—a land that has within its bosom the crude elements out of which nations are made—a land that will become, and within our time, a vast empire, but that is another story.

Few men, even those who have had an opportunity, seem to have fully appreciated the possibilities of this great Canadian Province. Here, if anywhere, will be illustrated the law: "To him that hath shall be given."

My Hostelry

By Evelyn Gunn

BUILT [illegible] my [illegible] hall
(Shall I not boast?)
And daisies pied where my feet shall fall
With the four great winds for my castle wall:
And God for my Host.

Fannie

By Cy Warman

SEVEN summers ago, while little Willie Russell was playing on the sandy shore of Hollow Lake, whose cool waters lisped his lullabies from babyhood to boyhood, he saw something swimming shoreward. Willie was only six, but having been cradled in the wilderness he was cautious, and seeing this strange looking creature heading for his sand pile he lay low and let it pass. Instead of entering the forest the frightened thing hid itself under a bank where the lake, lapping the shore, had licked the sand from under the sod. It did not see Willie, but stared with startled eyes out across the lake, on the opposite side of which a little dog stood sniffing a trail that ended at the water-edge. Little Willie's heart was hammering the sand bar like a pheasant drumming on a hollow log, and the heart of the wild thing up under the bank was beating time with Willie's. Doubtless if it had seen Willie it would have gone straight for him in order to escape its pursuer, while Willie would have thrown himself upon the mercies of the strangest dog that ever barked rather than face the frightened thing.

After watching the new comer until it had grown calm, closed its pretty brown eyes and entered the airy land of dreams, Willie crept lizard-like up the beach and ran for his mother. When he had told his wild tale, his mother and two sisters went with him down to the beach, and there, under the edge of the bank, lay a little baby deer, sound asleep. Very cautiously they surrounded the sleeping beauty and when it sprang from its hiding place it leaped into the open arms of Willie's mother. It kicked and clawed the clothes of its captor, but Willie shouted to his mother to "hold tight."

Presently the baby deer was shut up in the stable and christened. Three days later, the little boy whom she had frightened so was hugging her while she ate from the same dish with the little dog that had driven her panic-stricken, into the lake. That was the day they let her out of the stable.

Now, in order to appreciate what is here told of Fannie, one must understand that ordinary animals differ in disposition and intelligence as much as men do. It must be admitted that many deer—spell it as you will—having been petted, have turned out badly. They are often nasty and sometimes positively dangerous, but Fannie was different. From a fawn she was fond of being fondled. Sometimes she would tire of Willie's little brother who hung like a mill-stone about her graceful neck. One day she became so impatient that she swung her head and tossed the little toddler from her, but when he tumbled down and began to cry, she turned, walked to him, put her nose against his and "sympathized" so tenderly and intelligently, that the tiny tot forgave her, wiped his weeping eyes and hugged her harder than ever.

The child's parents who had witnessed the whole performance watched the pet deer closely, but never after that first time, did she lose patience or resent the attention of her little playmates.

That was a happy summer for Fannie and the children. The tinkle tinkle of her tiny bell was heard about the Russell homestead from dawn to dusk. When the autumn leaves reddened, darkened and died, she disappeared, and there was silence along the lake, and sorrowing among the children. They searched the shores of Hollow Lake, but all in vain. The

little dog who had hounded her to the Russell home that cool May morning, took long turns in the forest trying to find trail of Fannie, but if he found it at all he failed to follow it or to bring her back

After that the long lonely winter was filled with dreams of Fannie Their only hope was that her tinkling bell might afford her some protection but since a man may be slain by a careless hunter, even with a bell the fawn had a slim chance of escape

At last spring came, and one April morning Fannie strolled out of the forest, walked into the kitchen and began helping herself to the boiled potatoes that stood on the table She showed not the slightest fear, but it may be hunger helped. She was but the shadow of the beautiful creature that had gone away, but her thin homeliness made her no less welcome In a little while she began to fill out; the forest feed came and she waxed fat again When the children crossed the lake to school she swam after them like Mary's lamb and lingered near until the end of the school day, then swam back again

As the summer died, the children became uneasy lest she leave them again, and when the time came for her to go, she went leaving only the hope that she might return again with the flowers. But now she was nearly full grown—Fannie was always large for her age and in great danger, for the North woods in which she lived were full of men firing at everything that showed the least sign of life. That was a long and anxious winter for the Russell household. Once or twice they heard of a deer with a bell around her neck, and as the shooting season had passed they knew she had escaped the real sportsman, but there was no telling how she would fare with the lumber Jack huntsmen who are slaughterers, devoid of sentiment about sport and sportsmen. In season and out, the camp hunters hang on the trail and haunt the yard of the red deer who has a right to respite, to attend to his domestic affairs and see to the uproar of his family, during the closed season, at least

As usual the winter passed and in due time the wild goose went by; the sap warmed in the sugar maple, and Fannie came home to dine off the kitchen table as if she had left but yesterday. She was as gentle as ever Like most of her sex, she liked to have her own way. Once the children fearing she would leave home again shut her up in the barn. Fannie pawed the door with her sharp feet and made them understand that she wanted to go out, but they thought they knew better. Presently with a little run-and-jump Fannie went through the window Later in this nesting moon of April, Mr Russell, having ideas of his own which he did not explain to Fannie, shut her up in a dark shed that stood apart from any other building. Fannie fretted to be free; there being no window she pawed at the door and beat the board walls merrily Growing desperate she threw herself against the door with all her might they heard her, and fearing she would suicide rushed to release her Again and again she crashed against the door and before it could be opened, splintered the boards and escaped to the woods Now this was the first time she had left home except in autumn, and as there were no hunters, save the camp killers they hoped for her return. This time they had not long to wait. On the third day she came back, nervous and cautious, followed by two pretty spotted fawns She tried every way to get them to follow her into the house, for she was wolfishly hungry, but they would not. Finally she left them in a thick bush, went into the kitchen, had her breakfast, and hurried away to the woods again. Almost every day she came with her babies and each day she tried to coax them up to the house, but in vain One day with wonderful intelligence, she smeared her own mouth and nose with mashed potatoes, of which she was exceedingly fond went out and let the male fawn eat it off; she repeated this many times, going always to the male and never to

his freckled sister, but he would not and never would be persuaded to go into the house. When the babies were old enough to find their own food they went back to the wild.

Fannie was two and one-half years old now. Another summer had come and gone and one autumn day when the golden leaves were falling over her round back she drifted down a woodland avenue and galloped away to answer once more the "Call of the Wild

seen it but I've heard it manys the time."

The snow was melting on the hills when Musko, the Ind stopped at Russell's plac asked him if he had seen a pet deer "Yes" said the Indian dropping fork and staring at his ou "Yes, I have see—two, tre she spirit deer, mabe so ghost Manitou mabe Mitche an not for kill. I l creep up close b

The winter was well worn when Mulroon the chief fire ranger passed down Hollow Lake to the Lake of Bays. He was questioned as all travellers were now, about a pet deer with a bell on. "A bell, did yez say?" asked Mulroon twisting sidewise until his chair cried out in pain. "A bell? Now d'yez know that bell has haunted me for four days, till I thought I was bein' shivereed be a ghost; and that's what t'was all about. No, I haven't

when deer is sleep many, many deer and he's all jump and run fas awa all but one. Dis one she stay an sta still an look at white man, an he point he's gun, once, twice and snap den hes fire, an deer she's shake he head and stamp he's foot, and I com close an put my han on white n an say 'no shoot em,' an he's turn a try for shoot me, an I say, 'deer he Gitchi Manitou, he's not for kill.' De he say 'I kill Injun, hes all time open

season for kill Injun.' He's ver mad, an I grab he's gun quick and mak him crooked an rock an den I toss gun back an say, 'now he's close season for Injun, what?' Byme by spirit deer she's walk away, and lumber Jack he say 'I kill she sure—some day.'

And so with the help of her bell and the superstition of the Indians, Fannie managed to escape the huntsmen who soon came to know about her and the slaughterers who also knew but did not care. This year she brought but one baby, which came close behind her one spring morning but hurried back to the bush at the first faint scent of danger.

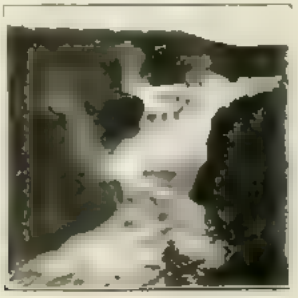
When the trusting mother sought to civilize the little lamb, but he would not believe the story she told with her eyes and ears and her every act.

In time the children came to expect the mother deer to go away when the summer died, and it added a deeper sense of sadness to the autumn for the lonely white children of the wild but the winter passed sooner for the anxious waiting. By now the deer had become such a part of the household that if the children or their parents wanted to go fishing or anywhere Fannie was not wanted, they were obliged to slip away without attracting her attention.

When Fannie was six years old the Russells built a small summer hotel on a point across the bay and began to "take stoppers." Fannie had not been moved from the lower ranch but once a week some one of the family would row over and put out salt for her.

One day Musko came to the new place to tell them that the spirit deer had lost her music, which he reckoned to be the charm that saved her from the Lumber Jack, and foretold that she would die with the dying leaves.

Now the Russell family were not superstitious but when Wilhe's mother heard what Musko had to say she resolved to go and see for herself. Being busy with her summer boarders she postponed her visit to the lower ranch for nearly a week, when the berries would be ripe and she might have a fair excuse for wasting so much time. As she neared the old home she called Fannie but, save for the cry of a whiskey Jack which was answered by the crackling laugh of a loon, the place was unusually silent. A moment later she stopped, staring downward where fresh red blood dyed the dying grass. Quivering with dread she peered into the edge of the bush beside the path, and there lay Fannie's two front feet. Shuddering, she covered her eyes and returned empty-handed to her new home to tell the little children and Wilhe—now a big boy—the saddest news their ears had ever heard—the story of the murder of Fannie.



Her Photographic Idol

By Rose J. King

SOMEHOW romantic things were always happening to Iris Vernon while I kept on in the same prosaic way and never experienced anything out of the ordinary. Perhaps it was Iris herself who was out of the common. She certainly was the most delightfully original girl one could meet, with just a touch of romance about her

She had been as poor as a church-mouse, so she said, which really meant that she was the daughter of a country clergyman, who had a large family and a moderate living

At seventeen, just after entering college, through which she intended working her way, she wrote a sentimental poem, which must have had some merit, for it fell into the hands of a professional song-writer, who set it to a "barber-shop air." It immediately became the "latest hit" and Iris had an income of a few hundred dollars to pay college expenses

That was the time I met her, and from being room-mates at Merril we became life-long friends and incidentally relatives. Nature had done well for Iris in the way of good looks though she was by no means a beauty. She possessed a slender figure of moderate height with a peculiar willowy grace, her face was rather too pale, but the large brown-gold eyes, sparkling with animation gave it light and expression. Her hair was just an ordinary nut-brown color, but of that odd texture which is always tumbling yet looks in order whether one has just risen from a siesta or is ready for a ball

Iris might have developed great literary talent and risen from the level of the popular song-writer to the height of a gifted poet, had not Dame Fortune, not content with giving this favored child a fair share of personal attractions and a poetical turn, added wealth also.

Our second college year had but well begun when Iris received word that a great uncle, whom she could not remember, had died in Australia leaving her heiress to a quarter of a million. That was the end of the poetical aspirations. Iris became intensely practical and began managing her own business affairs. But the whimsical poet nature was still alive in her in spite of acquired knowledge of stocks and bonds—or she would never have fallen in love with a photograph in the way she did. We were spending the summer months at the Mountain House, in the Adirondacks, and were enjoying ourselves immensely As we came down the broad steps after dinner one evening Iris stooped and picked up something that had fallen on the grass. It was a photograph—a very modern one of soft black and white tones, on a cream mount protected by tissue and a black folder. The pictured face was that of a young man evidently a veritable giant I assured Iris, judging from the breadth of shoulder—a very good face, too, it was, and a fine head with both strength and gentleness in its lines Any other girl would have tossed the thing aside but Iris kept it in her hand until we were away from the other guests and then she sat down on a bench and gazed at it, with a queer look in those dear eyes of hers

"Do you notice the firm mouth and what a deep dimple there is in the strong chin?" she asked.

"I don't like dimples—people that have them are always deceitful," I answered, annoyed at her making such a fuss over a stranger's picture

"Not people that have them in their chin," she replied calmly you never could ruffle Iris. "A dimple in the chin always gives a touch of tenderness

to a strong face like this.'

Now Iris always had been daft about faces. I have known her to spend a whole afternoon studying the faces in a good magazine. Features were unfailing indexes to character she declared, and that she could tell congenial people by the shape of the nose or the cut of the lips. I often told her that people couldn't help their noses, but she held to her theory

She seemed to find this feature study intensely interesting, but I should think it would be rather awkward whenever you made a new acquaintance, to have to consider his or her mouth and nose separately—I would prefer to view the face as a whole and like or dislike the general effect

Well, Iris kept that photograph and when we were back in our rooms later she had it out again and sat studying it by gaslight. She said she knew the original was a scholar and that he was noble and of brilliant intellect. In passing the picture across the table to let me observe the intellectual forehead, the folder slipped off and there on the back of the mount were the initials I. H. V.

Now Iris' initials were I. H. V. and we had always considered them rather odd, and here were the same letters differently arranged. Iris was a good deal excited by this discovery and the next day without my knowledge she consulted the clerk about the lost photograph and searched the register for a name corresponding to the initials. It was all to no purpose, the clerk knew nothing of any one's losing a photograph and cared less. And though the register contained numerous names beginning with H there were no H. I. V's. Iris confessed what she had done and as I expressed no interest in the matter, that was the last I heard of the photograph at that time though I know that the dear girl kept it carefully and often studied the face, building up for the original an imaginary character possessing all those qualities she would love and admire in a man.

At the end of August we went back to college and settled down to hard work and jolly times. Iris was changed a bit somehow, though she was just as dear as ever and only worked more steadily and seemed more serious. As to the incidents connected with the picture that occured during the rest of our college life, Iris informed me afterwards.

She had a presentiment that at some time she would meet the original and that he would be as near her ideal as it would be possible to come; but in the round of college work and gayeties the feeling, in time grew a little hazy until her memory was jogged again.

One day as she was passing the principal hotel of our college town a porter came out to a waiting carriage with several suitcases and on one of them in clear black letters were the initials H. I. V. Iris said that her heart seemed to beat wildly in her head and regardless of propriety she stood spell-bound on the pavement until several persons had entered the carriage and it had rolled away. Among the passengers was a decidedly pretty young woman, and for the first time—and I should judge the last—in her life Iris was jealous, for she conceived the idea that the young woman was her hero's wife and was using his suitcase She decided to find out the name these odd initials stood for but it was several days before she summoned courage enough to call at the hotel and examine the register; then she was rewarded by finding the name H. I. Vane, M —, New York

Now if Iris had been like other girls she would have burned the photograph and forgotten the matter, but being decidedly different from other girls and having fallen more and more deeply in love with her photograph hero, she could not let the thing rest

She wrote to the postmaster of M—, inquiring for one H. I Vane and received for her pains a short, curt letter with the information that the Vanes were innumerable in that country and that there was something less than a dozen Henry Isaac Vanes in and about M —.

That letter should certainly have quenched Iris' enthusiasm, but she

refused to think of her particular Vane as an undistinguishable member of a large family; besides "Henry Isaac" was so very commonplace, and not at all the appellation she would have chosen for the handsome unknown.

The night Iris received the Postmaster's letter she did some calm thinking and came to the conclusion that she had been making an idiot of herself. She determined to forget the whole affair and in this frame of mind she put the photograph in the bottom of her trunk and devoted herself so assiduously to her studies that she excelled even her former year's high standing and carried off the class honors at graduation.

It goes without saying that a girl of Miss Vernon's personal charms, culture and wealth did not lack for suitors. Several of the best men at Merrill made her offers, and the professor of mathematics, the most brilliant member of the faculty sought her for his wife; but all in vain, she would have none of them. Her perversity puzzled us sorely but little did we think that she was in love with an ideal hero and that a photograph had wielded such a powerful influence over her life.

It was wonderful to listen to Iris tell all, long afterwards, it sounds sentimental and perhaps laughable, but you wouldn't have laughed if you had heard her tell it, and seen how beautifully her dark eyes shone. Somehow I came under the spell and half felt the pictured man's "spiritual presence" as she called it. The day before our graduation there came a letter from Ned Vernon, Iris' eldest brother, who was a rancher in the famous Canadian Northwest, inviting us to spend the summer at his ranch and enjoy a taste of western life. As we were free to pass the summer as we chose we accepted and on the Monday following Commencement we took train for Alberta.

It was Saturday afternoon when we arrived in the hustling little western town. Iris' brother was there to meet us with a fine span of chestnuts and a light rig. Ned Vernon is the very jolliest most handsome person in the world. Of course he was delighted to see his sister—Iris' brothers, five in all, always did spoil her—and he chatted and laughed so gayly that the twenty mile drive to the ranch seemed all too short.

It was dusk when we reached the picturesque house of hewn logs and after we had refreshed ourselves and partaken with zest of the excellent supper the cook had ready—Ned took us into his parlor, which was decidedly comfortable for a bachelor ranchman's quarters. Iris seemed a little restless and wandered about examining everything in the room. At last she paused beside a set of book-shelves and began turning over the papers and magazines on the top. Suddenly there was a quick, low exclamation from her and as I turned toward her, even in the twilight of the room I saw that she had grown pale. She recovered herself quickly and came forward with an exact counterpart of her treasured photograph in her hand.

"Who is this, Ned?" she asked and though her voice trembled; her brother did not seem to notice her eagerness.

"Oh, that's the parson," he answered carelessly. "He will be here in a little while, I guess. He generally bunks here on Saturday nights to be ready for the service to-morrow."

A parson, as poor as a churchmouse and married no doubt! I imagine Iris had none too much time to gather herself together before the door was pushed open and the big fellow that she had built so many dreams about, filled the opening.

"Hello, Harold," cried Ned springing up quickly, for the parson paused in surprise—and turning to us with a deep bow—"Miss Maynard and Iris this is the Reverend Harold Ivan Vane." Ah, after all it was not Henry Isaac! Iris said afterwards that that fact cheered her.

The conversation was left mostly to Ned and myself. Iris scarcely spoke and I presume the Rev. Harold was occupied with his morrow's discourse for he seemed adverse to our small talk and finally excused himself.

When he had left the room, Iris was

too much unnerved to make any inquiries, so I took the task upon myself and so well did I perform it that Ned said afterwards that he was fairly jealous.

"The dear old parson is sure all right," he told us. "I knew him at Victoria. He is a deal too clever to be wasting his time on these cow-punchers but I must admit he is showing them a thing or two. No, he isn't married, nor likely to be."

I heard from Ned during the following months many tales of Harold Vane's dealings with the cow-punchers and miners, tales that filled me with admiration for the big clean limbed, lion-hearted fellow. Perhaps the dimple in the strong chin did stand for more than a touch of tenderness in the man's make up for many of the things I heard revealed to me the heart of love —but they would make another story.

It was certainly rather disconcerting to have travelled hundreds of miles into the west to be suddenly confronted by the man you have been secretly worshipping for nearly three years. I feared that after all her perseverance in trying to find him, Iris was going to be obstinate now that he was found, but it didn't take Harold long to find out that she possessed most of the qualities needful in a minister's wife. He wasn't the kind that is easily won for his work absorbed him and I believe he would have sacrificed his love had it been a hindrance to him. But as Iris told him on their wedding day, she made up her mind the summer she found his photograph that she would have him or no one. Yes, he knows about the photograph, though he can't account for its being anywhere near the Mountain House, unless some of his numerous aunts or cousins dropped it there.

Ned says it was just fate, of course, and quotes in proof of his theory the words of the valiant Hector that "None among mortal men his destiny ever [illegible]

A Lyric of Joy

By Bliss Carman

LOOK love, above the Law hill
The first stars!
God's hand is lighting the watch fires for us.
To last until dawn.

Hark, love, the wild whip-poor-wills!
Those weird bars.
[illegible] will pierce the dim forest
All night, on and on.

Till the over brimmed bowl of life spills,
And time mars
[illegible]
From dewrise till dawn.

Foolish heart fearful of ills!
Shall the stars
Require a reason, the birds ask a morrow?
Heed thou love alone!

A Canadian Winter Resort

By Edward Angus

YEARS ago when there was no International Limited," to carry people into Canada, and few people to carry, when there was a long hard portage where the Welland Canal now flows, when there was mostly silence, save for the Hudson Bay howling in the wilderness, the dusky children of the Wild used to come to St. Catherines Well to wash away their ailments, which were few until we came to civilise and "show" them

when the Yankees chased the British far into the bush, beyond the Niagara, they rested and recuperated at St Catherines, until the British, reinforced, chased them back over the border, and as often as they hiked back they carried, in addition to their scars, fond recollections of the well at St. Catherines

THE ADDED COMFORTS OF CIVILIZATION

Later when peace came, the old soldiers of the south used to summer at St. Catherines. From my window to-day I look out upon the old Stephenson House, closed these many years, where was heard the sound of revelry by night. They say the bar used to take in as high as fifteen hundred dollars a day just for sugar and other things that go to make up the jocular julep of the south.

For fifty years despite the strong current of immigration from the North to the South, Southern people continued to come to St Catherines

Now, the tide has turned and from the four corners of the earth people are coming into Canada For the most part they are strong, and in search of the strenuous. These hurry on to the West to get on to the firing line

But hundreds are ill, and thousands are weary and want to rest, and of these many find their way to the Well or the Welland, until as I write there is a steady stream—two streams one flowing in, the other out A remarkable fact about St Catherines is that while known first as a resort [illegible] ded as equally desirable as a winter sort—so much that the hotel having the waters, the "Welland" is not only open but full, the year round

St. Catherines site in the heart of the "Garden of Canada" on the fertile Niagara Peninsula, where the peaches, grapes and berries come from. Climatically, it is the mildest point in Canada, the thermometer rarely falling to zero, the northern frosts being tempered by the proximity of Lakes Erie and Ontario that this fortunate locality seems to hold the sunshine and soft airs of much lower latitudes while the marvellous fertility of the soil is such that peaches, strawberries, and grapes as well as the hardier fruits flourish in luxuriant profusion

This Niagara Peninsula is the gate-

way to Canada, and from its commanding position has already attracted the attention of American capitalists and captains of industry

Several great railway trunk lines traverse it in every direction, and across its narrowest part, from north to south, runs the famous Welland Canal, a national enterprise which cost over $20,000,000 to build, and by which steamers of 2000 tons are raised step by step 265 feet, to the Lake Erie level, thus enabling the cities on the northern banks of the St. Lawrence to compete with the United States' Atlantic seaports for the marine traffic of the great North-West and by reason of its exceptional railway facilities it is the centre-point of tourist travel to the Muskoka fairyland, the happy hunting grounds of the Ontario Highlands, the 30,000 islands of the Georgian Bay, and the beautiful St Lawrence

The City of St Catherines (10,000), the chief town in the peninsula, is situated on the main line of the Grand Trunk Railway, eleven miles from Niagara Falls, and lies bracketed between the two Welland Canals, on the Southern slope of blue Ontario, and about three and a half miles distant.

Here, on one of the pretty water stretches close to the town, is located the Henley of Canada, as the international regatta course is named, upon which last year, the "Argonaut" eight lowered the world's record

This regatta is held in August, and is attended by crews from all points. It is the chief nautical event in Canada and attracts thousands of visitors annually.

All about the City of St Catherines are beautiful walks, interesting drives, and the quaintest nooks and bits of bewildering rural scenery along the banks of the canal

For the student of history, this ground is stored with tales of war and conquest, against its hills the war whoop of the Iroquois has sounded through its valleys wandered the adventurous explorer La Salle, and his companion Father Hennepin, who was the first white man to see the

To the South lies Lake Erie, to the north Ontario, and to the west the waking empire which runs toward the sunset for nearly three thousand miles

The St. Catherine's Well, whose waters have made St Catherine's famous as a health resort, are of a strong saline order, and a great specific in cases of rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, sciatica, nervous troubles, and a splendid tonic for people troubled with the ills of the modern strenuous life

The use of these waters is supplemented by electricity, massage, diet and rest, in charge of physicians and nurses

Despite the reputation the place enjoys as a health resort there is no hint of a "hospital." In fact, the "Welland" is more like a comfortable family hotel than like a sanitarium. Many of the guests are quite well, others only want a rest, and so the atmosphere of the place is cheerful rather than otherwise

The waters of the Ontario wash a beautiful sandy shore just north of the "Welland," where good fishing, boating and bathing can be had in the summer season. In short all the features of rural outdoor life are

NO HINT OF A H[illegible]

here with the all[illegible] and
con[illegible]

According to experts, there is not another spring like this Well of St. Catherines on this Continent, and only one similar, though not so strong, in the world; that one is the celebrated Kreutznach Spring in Prussia, which contains about 110 [illegible] grains sodium chloride as well as 135 grains calcium chloride

And yet, like many other riches of Canada, these wonderful waters have been almost neglected, but now that Canada is being rediscovered St Catherines is bound to boom along with the balance of the Dominion

The Falling Star

By Evelyn Gunne

A STAR looked down from his home in space
Deep in a glassy pool
And saw, with wonder his own sweet face
Framed in the waters cool!

Enthralled he gazed at the image true,
Winking its curious eye,
Till—leaning too far for a better view—
He tumbled out of the sky!

The Baby and the Burglar

The Confessions of a Cracksman

By Forrest Crissey

THIS is a true story of a young mother a good baby and a bad burglar It was told by the burglar to a boyhood friend—a railroad man—under peculiar circumstances They had not seen each other for twenty years that is to say when they were both about twenty one years old The railroad man had business in a Southwestern health resort and was strolling when he heard a voice speak the old nickname of his boyhood: "Stubb!"

The voice was not overly strong and in a way prepared him for the shock of seeing a much-wasted man sitting on a bench and smiling the twisted sort of smile that could belong to only one person in the whole world. That person was "Limber," his boyhood chum the preacher's boy He had acquired this name because of his catlike suppleness and agility. And the agility was no doubt accounted for by the fact that the boy's mother was an Indian

The old preacher had been a reservation missionary in his youth and had married one of the handsomest young women of the tribe. The Indian blood in "Limber's" veins had made him very attractive to the boys of his age who attended the same little district school and his favor had something of distinction in it according to boy standards. But Stubb was his closest companion in those days —the only boy, in fact with whom he seemed to care to stay all night The fact that Stubb's mother had a warm spot in her heart for him when he was only a youngster may have had something to do with his liking for Stubb

After the men had sat in the sunshine for a full hour and talked much of the peculiar quality of doughnuts and crullers which Stubb's mother used to keep in the stone crock by the hatchway a long silence came upon the two men

Finally it was broken by Limber who began with a dry hard laugh and ended with this remark

"Stubb You've always been mighty square with me and your mother—well; she was sure *white*. If it ever occurred to you that there was anything the matter with me you certainly never showed a trace of it"

"Why," interrupted Stubb, "I don't know what you mean. I never heard anything that reflected on your character."

Limber smiled his old twisted smile again, laughed his hard, biting laugh and exclaimed

Couldn't pay me a greater compliment Stubb —not the way the boys I've trained with look at it Well it may jolt you some but I'm going to tell you that you've been about as completely imposed upon as any man that ever lived I'm about all in Stubb—it's no use to deny it!— and somehow I feel like putting you wise to the sort of a life I've led. I can't say that I don't wish that it had been different. I do. But I know as well as you that it would carry a whole lot more weight if I were well and able to do my worst instead of being on my last legs But anyhow, I'd like to set myself right with you; it doesn't matter so much about the rest of the world to me.

"Well; to put it plain, Stubb, and in a way that you'll understand it, instead of becoming a railroad engineer, as we used to talk, I became about as handy a cracksman as there is in the country. Of course, I began as a prowler and burglar but I was soon con-

sidered such a smooth worker that I had plenty of chances to go out after bigger game,—banks, jewelry stores and the like. The cleverest cracksman going took me as a partner and I never but once in my life came within an ace of being caught.

"You remember the last time we saw each other—how I just dropped in at the farm early one morning, while you were milking, hung around for the day and then left in the evening, with some excuse about meeting a man at Liberty Corners? Probably you thought it was just my way and let it go at that. True enough, but I'd just pulled off a job that gave me about as much trouble as anything I'd ever gone up against. In fact, that was my busy day, Stubb—and no mistake!

"A few days before I came to your house I was going through Gray Willow, that little jerkwater station on the short line ten miles north of your place. Looking out of the car window I saw a bunch of farmers gathered about the scales of the grain elevator. The owner of the elevator was paying them for their grain and it took me about three seconds to figure that the town was too small to have a bank and that he would get in his currency from the nearest banking town the day before he expected a lot of farmers in with their loads. That meant he would keep it in the house over night and all I would have to do was to go up and get it. Just as a blind I traveled for a small cigar factory down in the city and carried a regular sample case and commercial traveler's outfit. And I sold plenty of goods, too, even if cigars were only a sideline to my main graft. But the sample case always gave me a reasonable excuse for being anywhere I chose to be; it was a passport and a certificate of character.

"That was Wednesday morning and I figured that the biggest grain day of the week would probably be Saturday. If I was to do the work it wouldn't do for me to be hanging about the town longer than overnight and so I went straight on to where my partner was waiting for me

I sent him up there with the understanding that, unless he wired, I was to come on Friday night He was to be gathering crop statistics for one of the big Board of Trade firms. He was just to spy out the land, to know if the elevator man's package of cu came, to locate his house and give me a ground plan of it, together with a plan of the hotel and of the roads out of town with the possible hiding places in case of emergency.

"Of course, we met as strangers at the country hotel, but scraped an acquaintance and played a few games of cards—in the course of which he gave me all the information I wished, together with the pleasant news that he had seen the express package in the agent's hands and that it was marked $2,200

"The window of my room opened out upon the roof of the "L" in which the kitchen was located and it was dead easy for me to get out and in without disturbing a soul Jim had taken the other 'transient' room so that I would be put in this

"The grain buyer's house was new —a fact for which I was duly thankful because the modern window lock is a catch reaching from the bottom bar of the upper sash to the top bar of the lower sash and can be sprung without the slightest trouble by any man who knows how, while the old fashioned side sash fastener—in the shape of a little bolt—generally found on the windows of the older country houses is a hard thing for a burglar to manage. In fact he can use an L and get in at a door much easier. If folks had any sense they'd do away with these new fangled window-fasteners which ought to be called the 'Burglar's Delight'

"Somehow I was always able to go through a house without making any noise while the average man in my line was getting his bearings so's not to step on the cat or fall over the footstools and such truck. The boys always said that doors just naturally opened of their own accord for me Anyhow I made quick work of the job —and I never found anything smoother than in the grain buyer's house I went through every cupboard and

closet and drawer in the house and looked in the woodbox, the clothes basket, the pantry, the baby carriage and a hundred other places where a woman would be likely to hide a bundle of the long green. By the time I had searched the whole house, with the exception of the back chamber in which the family was evidently sleeping, I had reached the conclusion that the grain buyer had taken the money to bed with him.

"As I entered the bedroom I shut off my glim, as the moonlight streamed in at the windows and I could see quite distinctly. There in the bed and sleeping heavily was a young woman and on the other pillow was the curly head of the cutest little baby girl I ever saw. She had gone to sleep sucking her right thumb and it was only half withdrawn from her lips, her other arm was thrown out straight so that her hand hung off the side of the bed.

"Mebby you remember, Stubb, that I was always mighty fond of Hiram Catlin's youngest kid and used to tote her all over the place on my back? Well, this young one made me think of her. But that was outside of business and so I kind of shook myself loose from thoughts of that kind and began to go through the room with particular thoroughness because I was convinced that the money was in the room unless the man himself had it with him which was unlikely, the package being too bulky to be carried comfortably. All the shoes, stockings, slippers and bundles of old clothes were carefully overhauled, but not a sign of the money could I find.

"This only confirmed my feeling that the woman had taken the stuff to bed with her, believing that a burglar would not attempt to go there for anything. The bedstead was of the old-fashioned wooden sort and stood out from the wall about a foot, both at the head and the side—probably because it was so heavy that she didn't wish to move it out and back each day in doing her work. But this arrangement made things right handy for me. Stepping behind the headboard so that she would not see me if she should awaken, I slipped my hand under the pillow. Nothing there! Then I ran my hand underneath the comforter that rested on the top of the mattress and just below the bottom sheet. This had to be done very carefully for persons waken quickly when anything touches them or they can feel any sort of movement. And besides, I knew that the thought of guarding that amount of money would make the woman more touchy than usual. She would simply be set on a hair trigger. In a mighty gingerly way I felt everywhere excepting right under the body of the woman, but could find nothing. At last I slipped my hand closer still and I thought I could just barely feel, through the double thickness of the mattress' covering, the end of a package.

"If the money was really there it was in the bed, next to her own clothing and with the whole weight of her body upon it.

"On the face of it there did not seem to be a thing to do but go ahead and wake the woman up. Now a fool burglar never hesitates to wake anybody up and carry things with a gun—but these are the kind that get shot and get caught. They only get nicely started when they find themselves working for the Warden of some 'pen—glad if they escape hanging.

"But I always stop and think several times before I deliberately begin a rough house, especially with a woman. And in this case the husband was out and likely to come in any minute. I had opened the window so that it wouldn't take me a second to step out and drop to the woodshed roof if I heard him at the foot of the stairs.

"Stepping quietly to the side of the bed I looked at the two sleepers, trying to figure how I could induce that woman to move without waking her up. Stubb, as I stood and looked down at those two I felt ashamed of myself and of my line for the first time since I got seasoned to the business. The young woman herself was the kind you see in pictures of women with babies; she looked like the kind of mother one would pick out of a million.

"But it was the baby that held me and almost made me a disgrace to my profession, as the boys say. Stubb, I'm no softie, and I've done some mighty hard things in the twenty years in which I've been out after the stuff, but that little kid just about put me out of business for that night. Talk about pink-and-whiteness. Well; she was it all right. And the dimples in her plump cheeks couldn't have been foxier if she'd been awake and crowing. Then there was that little fat arm thrown over the edge of the bed. As I was looking at it the way out of my difficulty came to me like a flash. I'd use that baby to help me—and I bet there isn't another burglar living who can say that he's actually done that—and tell the truth!

"The novelty of the thing caught my fancy and I was ready in a second to take the risk of a little longer delay in order to see if I could work the job out that way.

"Once more slipping behind the headboard of the bed, I went to the side on which the baby lay. The moonlight was particularly bright just then and I could see the dimple in her elbow and even the smaller ones in her hands. It's a queer thing for a burglar to confess, Stubb, but as I bent over that baby I had to hold myself back from kissing it. However, I did take that little pink hand in my own palm, intending to give it a good sharp pinch. But, somehow, I just held it like any fool father, for at least five minutes. They're soft things — a baby's hands are—and they are enough to make anyone soft. If I'd had a kid before I got started in that line I'd have been as steady as an old horse—I can feel it in my bones I would.

"Well; at last I quit my foolishness and gave the little hand a squeeze, which made the kid cry out a little but not very loud. Then I dodged back behind the head board. In a second the mother turned over on her side and began to mumble baby talk—'Did her want her muzzer?' an' stuff like that. She gathered the baby up to her breast an' it got busy right away. Gee but I did feel foolish! In about two minutes the mother stopped talking and I knew she was asleep. That was my time and it didn't take me two seconds to pull out those four flat packages of the long green.

"Then I ducked and went out the way I'd come in—through the sitting room window. Everything was quiet. All there was left for me to do was to hide the stuff and get back to the hotel.

"Well then, what do you think? I found out that I didn't want the stuff—not the least little bit. I wanted to put it back. It was that darned kid! I just stood around on the front lawn as if I'd been at a garden party thinking how mean it was to make that baby help me steal from its own mother.

"I stood so long, considering, that a wakeful gentleman next door got his lamps on me and gave the alarm, and the first I knew, I saw a couple of figures sneaking up along in the shadows.

"Well what did I do? That kid had me queered sure. I got back in through the window and tucked the stuff into a work basket that was standing there. Then I slid out again.

"There was a figure within ten feet of me and he had a gun. I dropped just as he shot, or rather just before I was in shadow the minute I struck the ground and I crawled, the way I knew how. 'Where is he? I thought I hit him?' I heard the chap say but I didn't stop to explain. I got under a bush and waited until I calculated there were as many backs turned as there were likely to be and then I got up and dusted.

"Of course a man that was used to getting out of sight wasn't in such an awful amount of danger from those amateur sleuths but still they gave me considerable trouble for the money I didn't have. I shook them finally but I was pretty well winded when I did it; and then I struck the road for your farm as the safest place in the province. I knew every dirt road, railroad, and strip of woods in that country better than I ever knew a geography lesson at school. Perhaps it's the Indian blood in me, but you can't lose me anywhere and I never

get confused about direction or locality, even in the night. I stuck to the timber almost the whole distance to your house. It took me a little out of the course to do so, but then I didn't want to get there before dusk, anyway.

How I loafed around with you all day and talked about the good old times we used to have—you know all about that. But you didn't know, perhaps, that before pulling my freight, that evening, I managed to steal about half the doughnuts your mother had in the big crock. Probably she laid it to you. I felt a lot meaner about stealing those doughnuts than I did about a good deal larger things that I'd lifted. Of course you recall that I borrowed a five of you and sent it back shortly after. I had left my money at the hotel: brainy, wasn't it—and my watch, too.

"All night long I traveled on South and early that morning brought up at a little white school house in the edge of the timber. Generally the Western school trustee may be depended upon to plant a school house as far from trees as the law'll allow, but somehow this one was the exception—and a mighty good one for me, I can tell you! I was inside the schoolhouse in a jiffy and saw that there was a square hatch leading up into the loft. Taking a pole from the woodshed I quickly made a rough ladder by nailing a few short cleats to it, using the ax head for a hammer and getting the nails from a piece of an old fence-board.

"After mounting my ladder I drew it up into the loft beside me, putting the hatch cover snugly over the opening through which I had climbed. When we were boys, Stubb, I used to think it made me sleepy to listen to a reading class—but I never suffered from the old Sanders Union Fifth Reader done in country style as I did that day—which seemed as long as all eternity. And the geography and spelling classes were almost as bad.

"Ordinarily I would have gone to sleep and taken my chances against stirring or making noise enough to attract attention. Really there wasn't [illegible] I knew if they hadn't found the money, or even if they had, they'd be scouring the country for me and I couldn't afford the risk for a little sleep. So I managed to brace my eyes open by hard fighting until the school was dismissed and the teachers and pupils cleared out for home. Then I set my inside clock for eight o'clock and settled down across the timbers of the loft for a nooze.

"It was plum dark when I woke up and, although, I had overslept a little, as near as I could judge, still I had the best part of the night before me. I travelled very carefully—and breathed a whole lot easier when I had got far enough away so I judged they wouldn't be right behind me. I stopped at a little town where I knew a telegraph operator that I had once put into a good job when he was on his uppers.

"He took me to his room and gave me the fifty I had loaned him. He had a new suit of clothes that I professed to take a great fancy to and he sold me these. If he suspected the truth about things he was wise enough to say nothing. I staid there until I had grown a Van Dyke beard and looked like a dude doctor just out of college. Then I wasn't a bit afraid of being pinched.

"What about Jim? Oh, nobody suspected him. We had been too cautious for that. He put in some anxious minutes, of course, when I didn't show up at the hotel. But he joined in the village hue and cry after me; and then got out of town as soon as he could. He was mighty curious about the affair the next time we met, but you bet he never found out the rights of it. It would have lost me my reputation.

About five years afterwards I saw the grain-buyer's wife in a Winnipeg store. The kid was a picture—just a honey! Her dad ought to be all swelled up over her. I'd be if she was mine, Stubb."

THE MAN WHO ARRIVES

FROM EVERY CORNER OF THE EARTH HE COMES TO CANADA

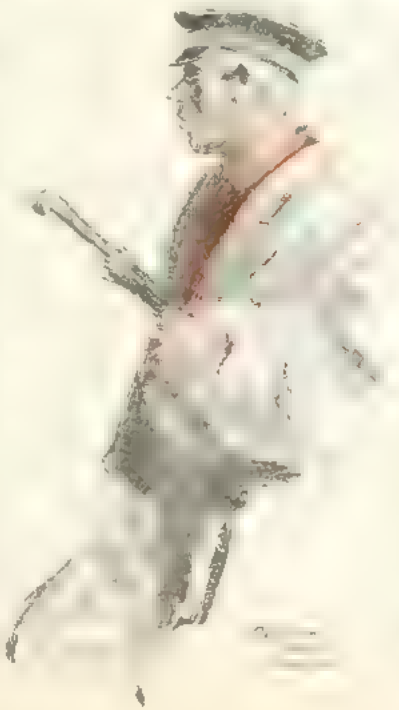
By SARA HAMILTON BIRCHALL

[illegible] Palaces," "Sunset Hall," etc.

"We've seen a million homes to greet the morning sun,
We've watched your [illegible],
We've heard your bloomin' forests flow of eucalip an' pine;
Your young, gay countries north an' south,
we feel we own 'em too,
For they was made by rank an' file
Good-bye—good luck to you!'

Good-bye! So long! Don't lose yourselves
nor us, nor all kind friends,
But tell the girls your side the drift we're
[illegible] when it ends!
[illegible] Yon's
[illegible] as somethin' new
The world's no better than a kraal.
[illegible] luck to you!"

—RUDYARD KIPLING



THEY are coming, though probably when the gallant Canadian and Australian contingents went home from the Boer War in the dusty Transvaal and Kipling wrote "The Parting of the Columns" he hardly had in mind the Winnipeg Immigration Halls. But they are coming. I stumbled over no less than half a hundred of them as I picked my way through the dust in the back yard of the great Canadian Pacific station to Commissioner J. Obed Smith's big day nursery and brought up before a door labeled "Immigration Offices" in many incomprehensible languages each worse than the last.

They are coming by the thousand. That sunny spring morning they stood by the score at a long, smooth counter, bending over maps following the explanatory finger of a clerk waiting their turn at gate and door and corridor, chatting in cockney English, muttering in throaty Roumanian and Bulgarian, [illegible] French, or [illegible] drawling Un[illegible]

Dialects and all, some thirty tongues must be spoken by the officers of the Immigration Bureau.

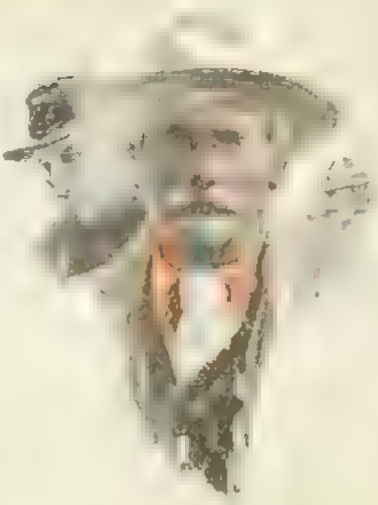
The larger part are English, however. Of the two hundred and [illegible]teen thousand Canadian immigrants in 1906, seventy-six per cent. were English-speaking, and of these sixty-three per cent. were from the United Kingdom and her colonies, the remaining thirteen per cent. being from the United States.

Besides these there are French, Russians, Polish, Lithuanians, Bulgarians, Roumanians, Montenegrins, Finns, Scandinavians, Germans, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese, and almost every other variety of humanity sprinkled in.

Commissioner Milne, in Victoria, British Columbia, has the problem of the Chinese, Japanese, and Hindus to deal with.

There is the inevitable Chinatown of the coast city, dirty, queer-smelling evil, with dozens of little butcher-shops hung with unspeakable dried claws and joints and horrible dead things; with staring coolies and rattling voices and silent, dark, myriad-windowed, carefully-curtained little courts that hide heaven only knows what warrens.

There is the Japanese quarter up the hill, where there are open shops and pretty baskets and dainty, kitten-soft Japanese women peeping through the screens.



Chinese

There is the Hindu district out toward Westminster, where the red and blue turbans add a note of color to the sober blacks and grays and browns of the Anglo-[illegible]. Here [illegible] follows are the Hindus, tall [illegible] cut features and the erect grace of carriage that comes from generations of aristocracy. Sikhs and Punjabis they are for the most part, veterans of many a border skirmish, equals of any man. It is pathetic to see them in this Western land, trying to work according to Occidental customs; but as one looks at their tall, muscular, lean figures, one believes in their eventual victory over time and place and circumstance.

Yet, although Commissioner Milne has eliminated the Asiatic peoples, Commissioner J. Obed Smith, of Winnipeg, has a large and various family to care for. I went over the five-story Immigration Hall, from the boilers in the cellar to the ventilators on the roof, in company with Mr. Saunders, who is the visible authority, the engineer of the machine.

We began with the baggage-room, where the miscellaneous boxes and bundles and trunks of the prospective settler are cared for by the Bureau. In one corner were piled stout, rope-handled boxes containing samples of Canadian grain, honey, fruit, etc., ready for shipment to Europe as advertising exhibits. Wagons containing these tempting

exhibits travel through the country towns of England, and booklets on Canada are in great demand among the young farmers, who thereafter take advantage of the thirty-dollar immigrant rate "from Liverpool to the harvest fields," and become good Canadians.

I smiled at a mysterious automatic pump for increasing the water pressure when the city supply was too low to insure a good stream from the faucets of the fifth story, for Winnipeg, like a girl in the let-down-tuck stage of her teens, has outgrown her water supply system. I counted the boilers in the basement and noted the fireproof divisions of the cellar; I peeped into the big store-rooms which occupy the central space on each of the five floors; I regarded the gap where soon a pair of elevators will be installed; I admired the careful fire protection by which any point in the building can be instantly reached with a huge fire hose; I smelt the cookery of the immigrants in the big kitchens, and saw many of them eating dinner at the long tables in the dining-rooms; and everywhere I marveled at the cleanliness and order.

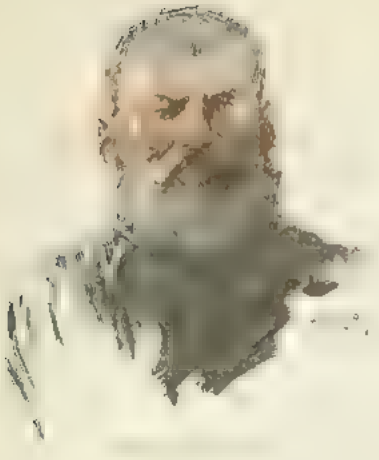
Canadian mounted police

It is no small task to keep up this absolute cleanliness with scores of various nationalities of immigrants living, bag and baggage, children, canary-birds and household effects, in one room apiece for a varying number of days. Most housewives would shrink back aghast from the demands of the situation, but the officers of the Bureau of Immigration manage it, and manage it easily, without apparent friction or fuss. Everywhere the clean, antiseptic odor of a hospital prevails. The rooms are thoroughly gone over with an antiseptic soap compound, and are frequently kalsomined. Everything, from the gongs of the double fire-alarm system to the floor of the office file-rooms, shines with scouring.

Those who fall ill go to the hospital building, where a slender, frail head nurse with olive hollows under her eyes does the work of two housewives and a book-keeper, and only longs to go to the foreign field that she may do yet more.

"I'm afraid I'm not strong enough, though," she said wistfully. "Perhaps I shall never go. There is a great deal that can be done here."

And I could only wish her fulfilment of her pathetic dream as she turned away patiently to the measles ward, for it was the season of the year when



Mamie and Gretchen "have them," and Mamie and Gretchen are among the most important sojourners in the Immigration Halls.

Indeed, the children are everywhere One tiny mite did a cake-walk, holding up her diminutive petticoats and singing to herself down the long corridor. An English baby beat his chubby fists on the table and crowed gleefully. In another room a Swedish youngster eyed us for a minute with great, sad, serious, blue eyes, and without a whimper of warning burst into a tearless roar that made me decamp in terror. Babies crawl on the floor, and sprawl over the cots, and toddle along beside their mothers' skirts. I hardly dared step without fear of putting my foot on some little creeper

The families are made very comfortable in well-lighted, simply furnished, orderly rooms. The single men have dark, but clean and comfortable rooms assigned to them. The storerooms on each floor contain everything that the immigrant might, could, would or should have to tide him over until he can get things going in the new country and secure resources of his own Blankets, tinned goods, lanterns, shovels picks, spades, washboards, boilers, pillows, clothes, mattresses — everything from a package of Uneeda Biscuit to a disc plough emerges at call from those many-shelved store-rooms to fit out the immigrant as he needs. The department plays nurse, teacher and maiden aunt to the prospective farmer, and sends him on his way in peace.

It is no small undertaking to uproot a man from his home over-seas, or in a well-settled country, and bring him to Canada to take over one hundred and sixty acres of raw land. Yet "The West" calls to him as it has called to men since the days of Semiramis, and westward he goes, leaving the lights o' London behind him, leaving the purple coast of Ireland, or the steppes of Russia, or the elm-shaded streets of New England or the chestnut groves of the sunlit Apennines behind him, leaving manor and farm and hut and chalet to those who are content to prune the ancient hedges and keep all things in the old traditional way

Sarcee Indian

They say it is the man who wants the almighty dollar who comes to Canada. It is not true. It is the man who desires to fulfil his dream—the man who has heard of the Gardens of Hesperides, and goes seeking them. The Greeks were wise, and in their wonder-story is the germ of all truth. The golden apples were but the excuse—it was the search that lured, and thus it is to-day.

And so Commissioner Smith, seeing this, gives more to the immigrant than spades and blankets. He gives experience and patient, wise, humorous advice to the twentieth-century Argonaut. Many of them need it, for conditions in Canada are absolutely new to the city-bred people who have depended on mowing somebody's lawn to keep a jingle in their pockets, and on the corner grocery to put the casual loaf of bread in the pantry. In my enthusiasm, I said gaily that I wouldn't mind homesteading myself.

He looked me over, taking in my patent-leather slippers and lace collar and my smoothly-gloved hands.

"You know what a homestead look like?" he queried, with a quizzical twinkle. "It's a piece of ground just the way the Almighty left it. There no house on it until you build one; no water unless you carry a flask; [illegible] food unless you take it in your pocket [illegible] ing on it but a piece of sky, and that's too far away to keep you warm in winter. You take my advice, and save your money to buy a piece of land where some other fellow's knocked the corners off."

I had been suppressing a smile for three sentences, and as he finished, our eyes met. We both laughed.

"Good-by," he said. "Come again when you return to Winnipeg. I may be able to do more for you when you've seen the immigrant in his adopted wilds."

I promised to do so, and departed on a six-thousand-mile journey, so that it was nearly a month before I saw the Immigration Halls again, and almost greeted them as old friends.

In that time I had seen the immigrant becoming the [illegible] tler, the farmer, the citizen, the millionaire, in half a thousand towns of the open prairie and the bush country. I had seen him breaking his first eighty acres and putting up his log-and-clay shack; sowing miles of wheat and raising record crops of barley, oats, alfalfa, and potatoes; getting a lumber house; breeding blooded cattle, horses, sheep, hogs and poultry; filling the red elevators beside the railway to the top; adding an "L" to

his house; accumulating a useful bank account; becoming prosperous and happy.

"Remember this," said the commissioner. "We all came out here with fifty cents and a tooth-pick, just as these men are doing now. Isn't that so, Mr Bowtell?" he inquired of one of the immigration agents who stood by.

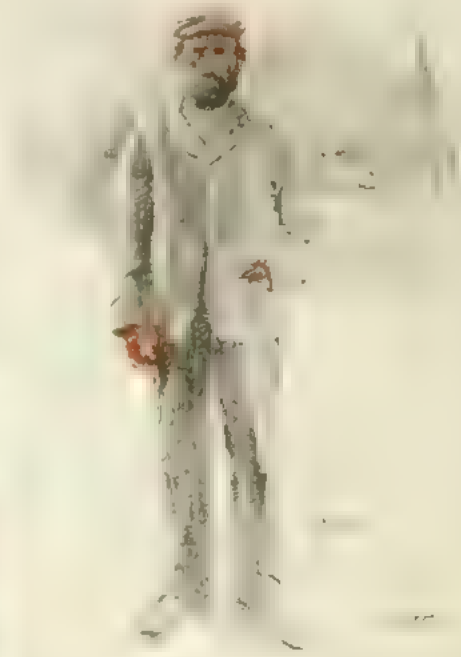
"That's right," answered Mr. Bowtell, laughing. "Some of us didn't even the tooth-pick."

Not even the tooth-pick," laughed oner Smith. "Remember that you're writing about the immi- These men will all be well-to-do in five years' time, but ten to on the fellow who comes here with twenty thousand dollars to spend—

Irish Frenchman Japanese

spends it, and doesn't get a thing back Then he goes home and tells how there's no chance in this country. It's a country for the man who is willing to work and can use common sense."

Stories of misapplied farming and wasted money are not uncommon. Stories of fortune making by industry and



courage are even more rife. From the Russian Doukhobor to the settler from Illinois or Devonshire or Melbourne, it is the poor man who has made the money by the work of his hands and his head, while the speculator and the younger son have given up the country as a bad proposition

In all towns of importance there is an immigration officer, and usually an immigration hall. Peter and Ole and Albert Edward are prepared for the fortunes of the road. At every little railway station the immigration officer is waiting to receive them, house them, pilot them, and look after them until they are in a position to depend on themselves, which is really surprisingly soon. Certainly the man who comes to Canada to settle is well cared for. And they are

...an—Indian—Amer...

very grateful. In the files of the Immigration Bureau are sheaves and sheaves of letters from these men, reading something after the order of these which I copied then and there:

One man, who came from Iowa one year, took up land and next year brought his family, writes:

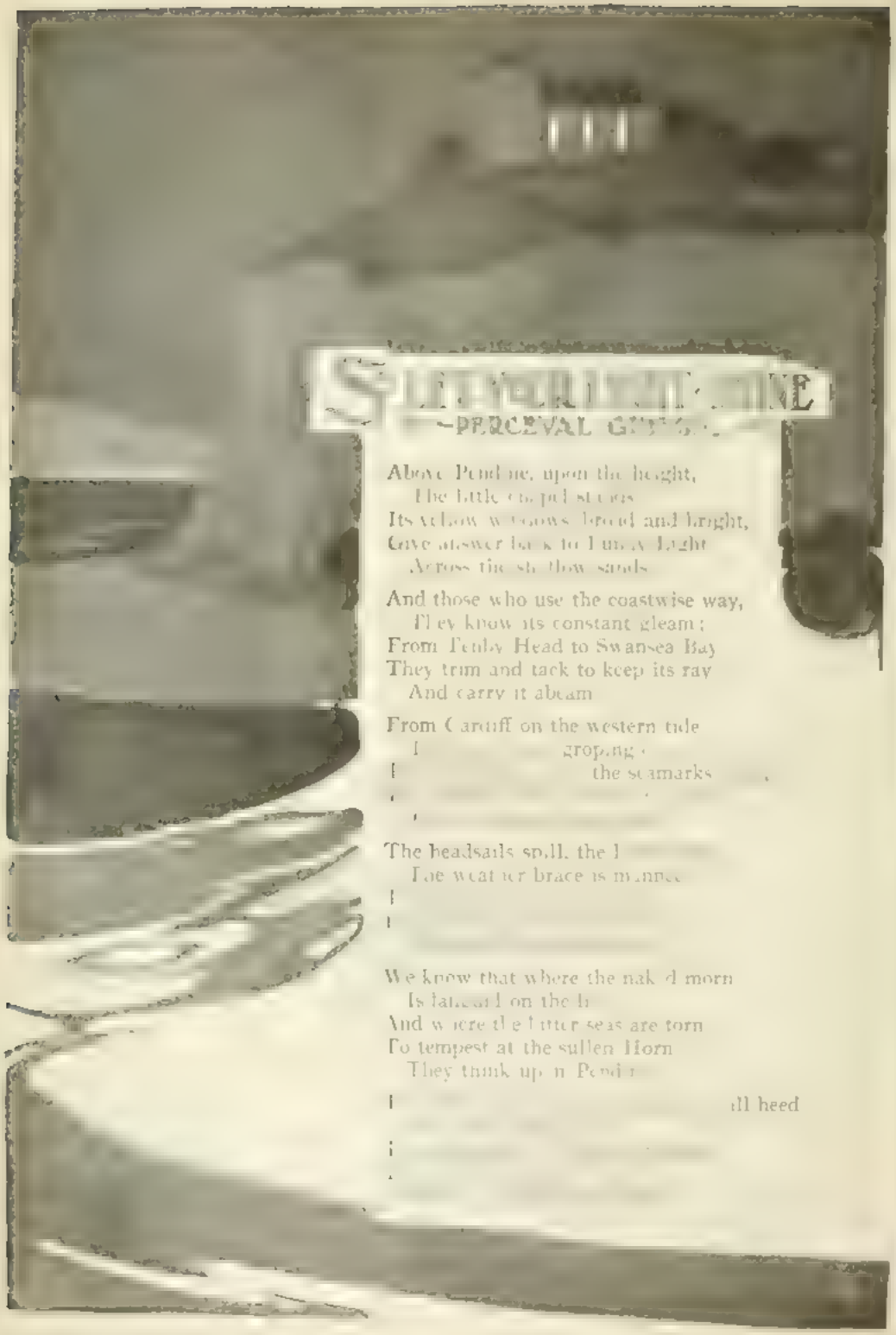
"I started with three thousand dollars and a carload of settler's effects. To-day I would not sell for thirty thousand dollars, and it is only five years since we came West."

Strathcona is the twin city of Edmonton, the last town to the north, where they have eighteen hours of daylight in the summer.

"Some three years ago my family and I experienced your very kind and courteous treatment, and a word of thanks has long been due you. Three years ago last fall we reached Strathcona with just one hundred dollars borrowed money. Since then we have bought an improved quarter-sect... implements. We also own ... lots worth four hund... lars each, and I expect to make about a thou... lars on the ... crop ... working ... winter months ... my farm through the summer."

German

These letters tell the story, both of the poor and the well-to-do man. They have worked and they have succeeded, and they thank the Bureau of Immigration, the department that has little to do with red tape, but much with red blood, the department that works day and night and Sunday, whose people live with the immigrant and work for him, from Keen-eyed, quick-moving Commissioner Smith to the sub-assistant with the dustpan.



SUNRISE LINE

—PERCEVAL GIBBON

Above Pendine, upon the height,
The little chapel stands
Its yellow windows broad and bright,
Give answer back to Lundy light
Across the shallow sands

And those who use the coastwise way,
They know its constant gleam;
From Tenby Head to Swansea Bay
They trim and tack to keep its ray
And carry it abeam

From Cardiff on the western tide
[illegible] groping [illegible]
[illegible] the seamarks [illegible]
[illegible]

The headsails spill, the [illegible]
The weather brace is manned
[illegible]
[illegible]

We know that where the naked morn
Is lanced on the [illegible]
And where the bitter seas are torn
To tempest at the sullen Horn
They think upon Pendine

[illegible] ill heed
[illegible]
[illegible]

The Peasant

By Mae Harris Anson

Editor of the Minneapolis Journal Junior

A CEASELESS throng was passing the window of the Royal Alexandra [illegible] waiting. For a time, it meant no more than a hurrying stream of people who overran the walks and streets as the first thin line of water ripples around temporary barrier and spreads here, there and everywhere along the line of least resistance. And then, suddenly, it was borne in upon me that they were people, with a difference

Men, women and children were of a type seldom seen in the new world, for the peasant is known to us only in pictures or the travesty of comic opera. And these people were genuine peasants,—the peasant of the French Revolution, of Tolstoi, of Millet and of Bastien Le Page,—the patient, plodding peasant who had walked the furrows as a beast of burden and bent his back to the weight of oppression for tens of generations.

I went out among them, and mingled with the throng as it surged up and down Main Street, marveling at every detail of the wonderful, shifting play of life in the Great City of the Plains. There were Galicians, Roumanians, Poles, Croatians, and Slavs of every sort, while above all the medley of strange dialects rose the queer consonants of the Russian. As their eyes met mine, I looked deep into them,—ah, the centuries of suffering, of privation, of cruel, grinding toil that gave harvest of only a hairline of comfort beyond starvation, that looked out from those hundreds of eyes,—from the eyes of the toddler of three, as well as from those of the grandam of sixty

Yet even as I gasped at this, there flashed out the message of that Great Hope which had brought them from their native land where they had shivered under the ages long fear of Turk or Tartar, that is inbred among the peoples of central Europe. Already there was a new alertness in their bearing, even while they still set their feet in the heavy, plodding step of the peasant. There was a tightening of the lax muscles of the face, a firmer set to the lips,—the hint of that look of "the race dominant" which is the heritage of the native born of the North American continent. And at that revelation there came the understanding of what the wonderful Canada to the west meant to them—the Last Land of Hope

As I, too, fared forth into that west and covered it north and south, this same Great Promise of Hope traveled with me. It pulsed from the earth of a garden at Prince Albert; it called from the twenty-mile stretch of Paradise that I saw shimmering in the heat of a June midday from the top of Red Deer Hill; it whispered in the swaying pines and poplars at Edmonton, and raced in every ripple of the North Saskatchewan; it beckoned from the hills of Calgary, and stood waiting on every stretch of sweeping prairie and of rolling, wooded hill and valley that lay between.

Like the "Cloud that was a Pillar of Fire by night, and a Pillar of Smoke by day," I saw the awakened Spirit of the North stand with welcoming hands outstretched toward the hurrying crowds of alien settlers, destined not only to work out their own salvation, but to make her another Garden of Allah by the faithful labor of their toil-worn hands

There are weeks and months, and, sometimes, years of the hardest toil before them, ere they win the fruition of this Promise of Hope. Yet in the days of darkest discouragement, they never lose that elusive look of hope that dawned upon their faces almost with the first breath of the prairies that they drew on the windswept streets of Winnipeg.

It is a light beautiful as that which "never was seen on sea or land," the light of a nation's soul awakening from sordid bondage that is a relic of the Dark Ages, into the warmth and life of a land glowing with God-given sunshine and a rule of man which decrees unswerving justice alike to high and low, to rich and poor

They follow the plow, even as they once trod the furrows of their fathers before them, but Hope lightens the labor with the knowledge that they work as free men; that the spoils of their labor are all their own; that the land they till is theirs to do with as they will, without let or hindrance from a grinding over-lord

Great migrations there have been before in the history of the world's great movements of a people from old conditions into new, but always to the accompaniment of war, or bloodshed, or persecution, or long-suffering under oppression. Those movements have made history to the clash of cymbal and beat of drum history that tingles and glows with epics of great forbearance, superhuman effort, splendid sacrifice and godlike death

This pilgrimage of the twentieth century is a march of peace. The world at large hardly knows its magnitude, nor realizes its significance, for there are no battlefields marking conflict in the change from the old order to the new. Yet historians of Canada a century hence, when all these varying nationalities shall have been amalgamated into a markedly dominant power in the world, will acknowledge that this peaceful, almost unnoted invasion of the Last Land of Hope was fraught with as much world-significance as that which first brought civilization into the west with the grinding of the keel of the Roman Legions upon the sandy shore of Britain

A Song of Thanks

By Frank L. Stanton

THANKFUL for [illegible]
For faith more steadfast than the stars above
Thankful that life is life,
And love is love.

Thankful for homes, and herds
That hide the hills; for harvests ultimate
For the sweet, prattling words
Of children at the gate.

For Hope's "Good-morning" and
Faith's sweet "Good-night" when we are realmed in rest
Led by an unseen hand
Safe to an unseen breast

Adventures in a Garden

Wherein a Nose is put out of Joint

By Mary Livingston

It was the day after Christmas. [illegible] opened paths, the heaped-up snow looked like unbroken lines of feathery [illegible] silence.

The gate to the garden opened and in came Archibald.

[illegible] was armed to the teeth with toy pistol and tin sword.

[illegible] big as herself, close to her breast.

"Hello, Little Honey."

"Hello, Archie!"

[illegible] from somewhere and chirped and chattered among themselves. Intimate [illegible] fairies were peeping round the corner of the barn to see what was going on. The garden was no longer lonely.

"What did you get for Christmas Little Honey?"

"I dot a doll and—"

"Hump. A doll? I got a dandy bobsled and a drum and a drawing [illegible]

"I dot a muff."

[illegible]

"What's weppums, Archie?"

He hesitated. Little Honey did have a way of asking inconvenient
[illegible] his aid

"W[illegible]
[illegible]

Little Honey seized the opportunity

"Did you dot new arms for Kismas?" she inquired. "Where's your nother arms, Archie? Oh"—with a burst of light—"I dess you mean new mittens. I dot new mittens, too."

"Mittens, nothing! These are arms—these weppums." He thrust the sword and pistol proudly before her. I guess you didn't get anything as dandy as those."

[illegible] She wa
[illegible] one likes to make a good showing.

'[illegible] and'
—her blue eyes brightened—"a bruvver!"

"What do you mean, Little Honey?" He demanded.

She [illegible] voice dropped to a whisper "[illegible]

Archie's face fell. He dug his toe into the snowy path.

"I'd like to know how you got it," he said, "I asked Santa Claus for a baby myself."

Little Honey danced happily on her scarlet legs.

[illegible] Little Hon[illegible] wibbons. Let's go in and see him wight now, Archie."

"No," said the boy shortly. "I'm going home."

[illegible]

Little Honey's lip quivered.

"Good-bye, Archie," she said.

"Good-bye Little Honey."

[illegible]

[illegible] Silence brooded over the lonely garden.

A School-Ma'am's Experience in the West

By Annie Sheppard Armstrong

FOR four years previous to the summer of 1900, I had been teaching school in my native Ontario town on my "Model" certificate. About this time I thought that I should finish my non-professional second with normal training, so resolved to attend the Regina school, and, subsequently, take advantage of the higher salaries offered in the West. Furthermore, I had a married sister living near Regina who had taught in what were then Territories, and we wanted to see each other.

So, one hot July day, I and two other girls, who were coming holidaying, left for the Northwest. We came tourist and had comfortable quarters, not at all crowded. We amused ourselves watching the landscape, reading "Red Pottage" I think was the rage then—and had our fortunes told, with cards, by a dashing dark lady, who augured for me a particularly gloomy future.

We met with no misadventures, but with one or two misters. One was an interesting youth of about nineteen or twenty, who was, he said, consumptive, and was going "cow-boying" for his health. I wonder if he is as healthy looking now as he was then. Another was the omnipresent traveling printer. This one was going on a paper at Brandon. So our crowd was a section of the usual traveling public.

I arrived at Regina at eleven p. m., and awoke late the next morning with the genial prairie sun in full possession of the room. I opened the window and looked out. A fresh, rose-scented breeze touched my cheek. The sky was like a great blue bowl turned down to meet the earth. I missed the girdle of trees, and felt as though there must be a lake over there at the sky-line. The barracks and its environs stood out in the distance, like a great enchanted castle, and, sweet and wavering with the breeze, there came from it a bugle-call

Far, far off on every side, and ever lessening into mere dice, were squares of the gray green of oats, the warm green of wheat. Mites of settlers' houses were dotted here and there Filling in all the chinks and widening out into great distances was the "desert and illimitable prairie."

My sister had a horse, saddle, and habit, which she placed at my disposal, and now came the problem of learning to ride. I had read in stories of the fair creatures who go on ranches to visit, and, a day or so after their arrival, are in the full enjoyment of the delightful exercise of horse-back riding—going like the wind, neck and neck with the bronco busting hero. Unfortunately, as I am not of heroinic material, that was not my experience. I am light and the pony was small and quiet, but it was with great effort that I was hoisted to the saddle, and then I hung to the horn for dear life and said an *ave* and a *pater* every time the pony took a quick step

While the whole family, hired man, girl, and all, were out helping to put me through my paces, along came the Methodist and Presbyterian students, mounted on their steeds. They instantly became interested in the ceremonies and said that I would get on better beside another horse. So one got on one side of me and one on the other. Sure enough, away we went like the wind. John Gilpin's feelings weren't in it with mine. I

wanted to stop and couldn't, and my pony seemed determined to pass her escort, which she did, and continued to put on speed as long as she could hear the other hoof-beats. The "divines" could see that I could not stop her, and that the only thing to do was for them to check their steeds. When the competition stopped so did my pony, and she began to "sit down and eat," as I inanely expressed it afterward.

I managed to turn her around to get safely home. That night I went, like all the heroines do, to bed, but not to sleep. However, it was not an unquiet mind, in this particular case, but an aching body, that caused my sleepless eyes.

But I persevered in my equestrian efforts, and, by the time the normal started, was able to ride back and forth with a good deal of enjoyment.

Regina Normal School was then under the rule of the wise, the chivalrous, the clever Dr. Goggin. All who were there in attendance were benefited by his precept and example, and by that of his able staff

One morning, when it was very muddy, I came in from the country, on the heavy roads, and reached school very late. As I entered the room a smile went all around.

"Oh horrors!" I thought, "Is my face muddy, or what?"

One of the young ladies explained to me the cause of the smile. Dr. Goggin was a great stickler for punctuality, and when he entered the class-room in the morning always noticed who was there and who was not. That morning I was the only one absent, and he had said: "All here but Miss S— I expect she will come in presently, with a homestead on one foot and a pre-emption on the other."

One other disagreeable morning I rode in to school. It was muddy weather, and yet freezing at nights and when I got to the livery barn my shoe was frozen into the slipper stirrup. There seemed to be no one around, and just as I was sitting shivering and wondering what I should do, there passed along a handsome, elderly man in a fur-lined coat. He politely asked me if there were no one about. Should he look them up? I thankfully accepted his offer, and he went in, bringing back the stable-man. On returning, the gentleman commented on the state of the roads, expressed his pleasure at being able to be of service, and, with a courtly bow, passed on.

"Do you know who that was?" asked the liveryman.

I replied that I did not

"That," said he, "is Nicholas Flood Davin"

I never saw the gentleman again, but it was but a comparatively short time ere this polished, chivalrous, and scholarly Irishman, had met his most deplorable death.

Normal over, my first school was a short distance from Calgary. It was a January day when I arrived and 35° below. I saw no sleighs running, yet there was snow on the ground and it was cold. The secretary of the school, who came for me, explained that this was unusual weather and the snow would not last

The first day of school it was cold with snow on the ground, and I started out with felt shoes, fur coat, gauntlets and cap—in full winter regimentals, in fact—but I came back with my felt boots soaking, and I was weak with the heat of the day and my warm clothing. A Chinook had come up and had made quick riddance of the snow

The following summer such sunsets were never seen! Such blendings of copper and burnt orange, purple and amber and red, and beautiful barbaric tints that not even a painter could paint

My district was a strange mixture of peoples and tongues: Mennonites talking German, Scotch, with their Gaelic, an Indian reserve was near by; there were Yankees talking United States and Canadians talking Canuck But they lived together in harmony, and we all attended Mennonite and Presbyterian services on alternate Sundays in the school-house I taught in that district six months, drew $280, had a good time, and went everywhere.

Then I came up to Regina for my summer holidays. On my journey I fell in with a lady teacher from a Mormon district near Cardston, and a Bible woman from Toronto, both bound for the latter place, and I had a pleasant trip. On arriving at Regina my friends told me of a new school ten miles from town, which I might secure, and be nearer "home." I did so and resigned my place in the land of the "Sky Pilot."

After a jolly holiday I again went to work. It was a brand new school and a nice one but lonely. Eleven was the maximum number of children and many of them had never been at school before, and did not even know how to play. I tried to teach them, in addition to the other things, the games we used to play in Old Ontario. But, as I have said, it was lonely, and at noons and recesses when I was not writing letters I was standing at a window, watching the tumbling weeds in their absurd gymnastics over the still landscape. When I got my letters written I would run out and give them to a passing implement man or anyone going to town, and my trust was never betrayed, for they were always posted.

I boarded about two miles from the school and journeyed too and fro on my white pony, Ghost. Ghost had had many a previous owner, for his shoulders and flanks were scored with brands and a lazier, trickier old steed never lived. Ghost and I used also to go the ten miles to spend Saturday and Sunday with my friends at Regina

An old Yorkshireman, with the wit of an Irishman, used regularly to greet me, as I ambled past his farm, with a solemn, "Good morning, King William" One evening in threshing time I was invited over by his wife. Bounteous was the repast spread before the hungry threshermen, and we women-folk could not hand it out half fast enough. In the midst of the chaff and nonsense that always goes on in such a gang, my Yorkshire friend, thinking to put me out of countenance, asked, "Now Miss S—, of all the fine young men here which do you think is the best looking?"

"Well, Mr. J— I said after due deliberation "I think you're the finest looking yourself."

Of course the laugh was then on our host, and, as penalty, after all the dishes were washed and dried, I was presented with three very black lantern glasses to clean.

Thus the time passed merrily along, until the school, which was kept open only in the summer, was closed until spring should come. I was to come back in March, but, never wishing to rest on my oars, and hearing that a school near Moosomin wanted a teacher for the winter months, up I came to the "civilized east" again.

This district was a stretch of land bordering on the Pipestone creek, and was nicely sheltered, by poplar bluffs and hills, from the cold winds.

There was quite a large attendance at this school, but they were all good, peaceable children from the eighteen-year-olds to the tots. I remember how the big boys, when it came their turn to sweep, would chaff each other about who would make the cleanest bachelor, and when the teacher's turn came, the broom was always unceremoniously taken out of her hand by some housewifely girl.

There was good fishing in the creek when spring came, and the larger girls and boys used often to take our trolls, and go down to the low green valley of the Pipestone to catch a few pike for our supper.

I invested in a pony when I had this school also, but with poor success. My horse was a half-broken colt, that went famously only when going in the direction desired by his coltship.

One morning I got started off for school and, armed with a good quirt, thought that I should get there all serenely. But, all of a sudden, my steed bolted for home, taking the shortest cut through a thick poplar bluff, tearing my clothes, bruising my face and arms, and using me up badly. I managed to hang on through it all, however, and slid off just in time to escape being decapitated by the pony's rushing through the open stable door

I decided, after this, to sell my nag and take to more civilized amusements.

This school was certainly situated in a beautiful spot, with bluffs and hills around it. At noons, the children and I picked armfuls of lovely flowers, and fairly filled the school with crocuses, lady's slippers, blue bells, red lilies, roses, honeysuckle, portulaca, wild peas, and flowers of every description in endless succession.

I taught this delightful school a year, but Fate, inscrutable, uncheatable, intervened, and—presto!—the change was made. The "school marm" was a housewife, and for the last five years, school teaching has been, with me, only a retrospect

Homestead Song

By Dorothy Green

LOW in the west the sunset fires are burning
Leaving a pure and quiet afterglow;
Softly the plain, from gray to [illegible]
Fades into the distance where the dim trails go
Curtains of twilight blur the buttes afar
And clear to southward rises a star

Rising the dusk our fire of sage [illegible]
Pale orange smoke-wreaths [illegible]
Only the night hawk far above us [illegible]
Shatters the silence with his mournful cry.
Only the river through the darkness flowing
Murmurs of times and scenes beyond our knowing

Clear through the night our blended voices ringing
Weaken the echoes mock the grey wolf's call
Song follows song but at the last our singing
Falters to silence as the red flames fall,
Till in the glowing coals we gaze unspeaking
Each seeing there the place each heart is seeking

Hushed are the voices, ash the sage-fire embers
Crowding the blue the stars their vigils keep
Only the night-wind wandering remembers
While all the plain is wrapped in [illegible]
Trail, lonely cañons, though but [illegible]
Long will you live in memories far away

The New Port

By John V. Borne

Key Harbor, Georgian Bay, Canada, November (Special)

The mine at Moose Mountain, eighty miles north of this place, by a company of which John W. Gates of New York is president, may mean the cheapening of steel all over the United States and is immediately responsible for the creation on one of the finest harbors in the interior of America, of a new Canadian port on the edge of what has hitherto been a wilderness of rock water and timber.

The docks now being built will be able to ship daily eight thousand tons of first-class iron ore to American lake cities. When the infancy is on such a scale, what will the maturity be? All summer the place has been the home of a host of Italians working under skilled commanders, and living in the curious shacks of which they are strangely fond. The engineers and foremen have dwelt in more commodious tar-papered camps, and the only English-speaking family—that of R. M. Pratt, the engineer in charge, who has had a unique experience in building railroads and docks on the north shore of Lake Superior—spent the summer in a comfortable cottage overlooking the new creation, and in sight and hearing of the occasional surf of Georgian Bay, breaking into an amazing litter of thirty thousand islands.

There is something almost weird about this twentieth-century development along the barren shores of Ontario. For summer resorting; for the simple, strenuous life of the fisherman camper; and for the hunter of the elusive deer, Georgian Bay and its timberland have long enjoyed a fame among the elect. But as for great engines of export and import so far from the established streams of commerce; and the incoming and outgoing of ships carrying twelve thousand tons of cargo and drawing over twenty feet of water—why, the prophet of such things would have been regarded as a thousand times worse than the tallest fish liar in the country. For what an ignorant fool once called "piscatoris exaggeratimus," there is some excuse. But for visions of a first-class port safely bulwarked behind the Thirty Thousand there could be no excuse in the heavens above or the earth beneath.

And yet the reality is before my eyes. So quietly is the transformation being accomplished that I have not been able to discover fifty lines about it in any Canadian publication. That is due to something else than the incurable modesty of Canadian contractors. The docks are part of the undertaking of the Canadian Northern Railway, a system which, from a hundred miles of new track in 1897 has grown so rapidly that it is now operating just about four thousand miles of line from Nova Scotia to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains. Half the story of this extraordinary infant of days is not known to half the people of Canada. Building, not talking, seems to be the forte of the men behind one of the most distinctive engines of Canadian expansion. It is the splendid isolation of Key Harbor that has kept it secluded from the world, as well as the indifference to notoriety of a few captains of industry.

To reach Key Harbor I had to come fifty miles north from Parry Sound on a construction train, through a wild country populated by a few deer hunters, and then ten miles down Key Inlet on a smoky little tug, hauling

a scow-load of chattering sons of Italy, being transferred, with their worldly goods and the Company's boxes of good macaroni, from newly-finished grading, in the Pickerel River region, to work on the docks. Except a few black ducks there was no sign of life in the trip through one of the prettiest stretches of water I've seen in a long while. An Indian reserve borders the Inlet in the south, but never an Indian was visible.

It was dusk when we arrived at Key Harbor. A night in a Canadian Engineer's camp is an agreeable experience — first-rate food, including fish newly sacrificed, beds whose only want was sheets, and company brainy enough to suit a professor, and correct enough (at times) to edify a doctor of divinity.

There was wind and rain and the sound of breakers to the southwestward when we went abroad this morning. Key Harbor is only commercially beautiful for situation. The rocks around the mouth of the Inlet often become a veritable magnet for the winds which chase each other from promontory to promontory, and skip the water. Over the smooth, undulating floor of rock, creviced in one place, scooped out in another by the washing of water when Lake Huron was at a higher level than it has been these many generations, and almost everywhere netted like a Rocky Ford Canteloupe, you may take your way dry shod in the rain, as firm-footed as though you were on Broadway or in the precincts of State Street. There is little live timber along the foreshore, but any quantity of piling and trestling heaped round the centre of construction.

That centre is a tunnel blasted out of the rock and running into the water, where it is being flanked by eighty feet of cribbing. In the tunnel will run a leviathan belt of rubber. Astride of the tunnel will be a trestle, from which trainloads of crushed ore will be shot into a hundred and sixty-eight bins, that will empty their contents into the belt at the rate of one hundred and forty-four pounds per second. The belt will carry its terrible load to the tunnel-end; where the ore must be re-elevated fifty-seven feet by a second belt to a second trestle for loading vessels from a second battery of chutes. As the ore is on this belt it will be automatically weighed. All the machinery in course of delivery is of the most up-to-date order; and it is worthy of note that the belting and automatic scales could be obtained only in Leeds, England.

Close to the power-house, and alongside a wharf of natural rock is the Government steamer "Bayfield," which has been surveying the channel and fixing buoys and lights. In twenty minutes from open water, steamers can be moored, for the dock is straight in line with the last mile of the course—the whole entry will be made with the help of four simple ranges. The water alongside the new dock is twenty-four feet deep —three feet, six inches deeper than the lock at Sault Ste. Marie.

Here, then, is the beginning of a big new commerce with the United States, and an enormous traffic between Western Canada and Eastern Canada and Europe. Here, too, will be the first great crossroads of business in these new and most notable regions of trade-expansion on the American continent. Take the North-and-South route first. The iron ore will be brought to Key Harbor from the Moose Mountain mines, which I visited before coming here. They are about thirty miles north and a little east of Sudbury, the town having next to the largest copper-nickel mines in the world, and the junction of the Soo line and the main line of the Canadian Pacific. Rails, as a part of the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway which for a year has been in operation for one hundred and fifty miles northwards from Toronto, through the Muskoko Lakes, were laid to the mines during last summer. There are two incompleted sections between the mines and the harbor—the heavy bridging necessary to cross the French River, between Lake Nipissing and Lake Huron, and the branch from three miles south of the French River to Key Harbor.

Going north from Romford Junction where the Canadian Northern crosses the Canadian Pacific six miles east of Sudbury, you pass first through a French farming district, and then through a country very similar to that of northern Minnesota—lakes, streams, rocks and woods—till you strike a mining camp occupying a considerable clearing in the virgin pine forest. There the railway ends, sheer against a wall of rock, over 150 feet high. Into the wall a force of men have been blasting all summer. When you climb the hill you find the rock to be almost black—it is solid ore, containing an average of about fifty-eight per cent. of iron. Diamond drills have proven the continuation of it to a depth of 500 feet. As the tests have shown forty-two million tons of ore in sight, the drills have been put to work in other places with similar results—except that nowhere else is the precious stuff piled up so high as it is at the rail-head, where it will gravitate into the crusher; and load itself into the forty-ton cars

I walked through the bush half a mile in one direction and a mile and a half in another and saw one outcrop after another of the black stuff, and examined the core of the drill that showed that at a hundred and fifty feet below a drift of sand on the hillside, the ore was just as good as it is nearer the surface. That the Moose Mountain deposit is one of the best and biggest in the world was admitted by all the members of the American Institute of Mining Engineers who visited it three months ago. The company of which, as I have said, Mr. F. W. Gates of New York is the president, own 4,700 acres of land around that beetling mass of ore, and will next year be shipping an abundance of it to Cleveland and other coal-handling ports.

Let it not be supposed that south-of-the-lakes Americans will receive all the excellences of this proposition. The people who control the Canadian Northern Ontario Railway have a great interest in the mining company. Along with the Key Harbor development they are preparing for smelting and iron works at Toronto, that will eventually employ 15,000 men—the biggest metallic industry and the most convenient to Pennsylvania coal that Canada possesses.

Look now at the East-and-West importance of Key Harbor. The three prairie provinces of Western Canada are growing four times the amount of what they produced ten years ago. Not a tithe of the grain-growing land is being cultivated. To haul the wheat to market is a tremendous proposition. It has called into being the Canadian Northern Railway. In 1897 its hundred mile line, away out in the country was operated by thirteen men and a boy with two engines, and ten cars. It reached Port Arthur with four thousand miles of line less than five years ago. In its first season it drew seven million bushels of wheat to the head of navigation—more than the whole export of the Canadian West twenty years ago. It has a seven-million bushel elevator at Port Arthur—the largest in the world—and coal docks of as great a capacity as may be found anywhere in the Dominion

Key Harbor is to be the eastern entreport for the main business of the Canadian Northern Railway. From it there will be built a three hundred and eighty-four mile line to Ottawa—there is already a line between Ottawa and Montreal—giving the Canadian Northern its own access to St. Lawerence tide-water, for the Company has already over 500 miles of line in the Province of Quebec. For a year there has been no access to Toronto, the chief distributing center in Canada. The magnitude of the proposition is obvious

But there is another unique feature of this north-and-south, east-and-west traffic at Key Harbor. The secret of successful transportation is return freight. Boats that bring wheat from the west take back coal. If they bring wheat to Owen Sound, or Collingwood, or Midland, or Detroit, they must go empty to Cleveland for coal. With Key Harbor the case is

not so. The freighters will bring wheat from Port Arthur, unload ore from Moose Mountain, exchange it for coal at Port Arthur and accomplish the round trip with full bottoms.

See what this means. Port Arthur is as near Cleveland via Key Harbor, as Duluth is to Cleveland direct, and, via Montreal, is nine hundred and twenty-one miles nearer the European market than Duluth is, via Cleveland, to New York, with two hundred and one fewer miles of rail haul. To get a cargo of Duluth wheat and a cargo of Duluth ore the Cleveland buyer has to pay freight on two voyages of 8 miles each. The cost of a cargo of wheat to Key Harbor from Port Arthur and of a cargo of ore from Key Harbor to Cleveland will be just about the same as the transportation of only one cargo from Duluth to Cleveland—the difference being the mere cost of loading and unloading. In other words the ore shipment from Key Harbor to Cleveland will be clear gain over anything that is now possible in lake transportation

Beyond the Wall

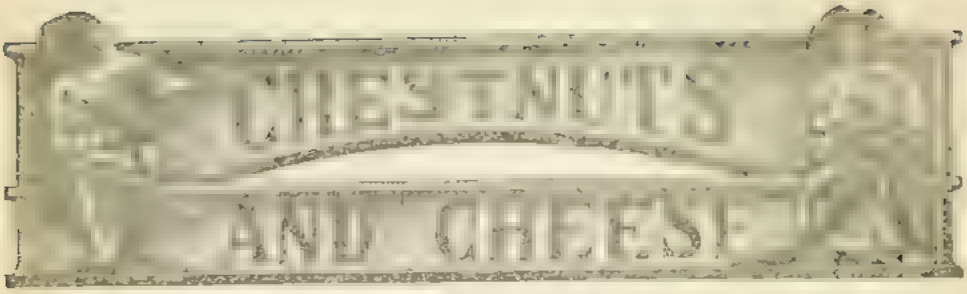
By Dorothy Green

THE picture hangs in the class-room,
A scene of the long ago;
The walls and the marble pavement,
The seats in a curving row.

And all the nearer picture
That lies just under my hand
Seems like a chance-found entrance
Into another land.

Full well do I know the meadows
Just over the low grey wall;
The rippling grain in the sunlight,
The wandering winds that call.

And out from the droning class-room
I pass, whenever I please,
Into the pleasant country
Beyond the beckoning trees.



A BARGAIN IN STOCKS

STOCKS were all down a few points to-day," remarked the broker.

"The ideal" exclaimed his wife. "It's a wonder they didn't advertise it as a bargain day."

WHEN HE DRANK

EMPLOYER—Are you addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors?

Applicant—No, sir. I drink a glass of beer occasionally.

Employer—How often is occasionally?

Applicant—Only when I am alone or with some one, sir.

HE "HAD WENT"

THERE was a lad in a certain school who would persist in saying "have went." One day the teacher "kept him in," saying "while I am out of the room you may write 'have gone' fifty times." When the pedagogue returned he found the boy had dutifully performed the task, having written "have gone" fifty times. On the other side of the paper, however, was this message from the absent one: "I have went. John White."

SONNET TO CARE

By Richard Kirk

ALTHO' none else welcome, I will welcome thee
To my unblest abode to-night, O Care,
And tho' none solace thee, lo! I will share
This garret with thee, Care, right cheerfully
If thou wilt do this simple task for me
And I will give to thee this crown to wear,
Of poesy, and by thy prowess swear—
If thou wilt do it—Yes, eternally!

Ofttimes have men thy honored name reviled,
Forgetting quite thine old proverbial worth,
But I will cleanse thine honor long defiled,
And make thy fame enduring on the earth,
And thee with votive offerings make fat!
Come, then, O Care, *and kill my neighbor's cat*

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE

By John Wilkes

A MAN may rant and a man may rail
When a honk honk honks at him,
A man may pant and a man may wail
As the honk-honk-honk grows dim;
But the same man smirks and the same man smiles
And to honk-honk-honk is prone—
See the same man's quirks and the same man's wiles
When he gets a honk-honk of his own!

UP TO THE JURY

INSURANCE official—Of what complaint did your father die?

Applicant—The jury found him guilty.

ALL OFF

TWO ladies were being shown through the Hospital for the Insane. As they entered a ward, one turned to the other and said, "I wonder if that clock is right?"

An inmate standing near overheard her and instantly replied "Great Scott, no! It wouldn't be here if it was!"

ONE IDEA OF PROSPERITY

WHAT is your idea of prosperity?" asked the argumentative person.

"Prosperity," answered Mr. Dustin Stax, "is any state of affairs that enables you to remind the parties concerned that things might be worse"

SOMEWHAT MIXED

F[illegible] said the school director who was making a few remarks, "is a thing to be cultivated and practised by all of us." Read and ponder the stories of the great friendships of sacred and profane history. Take them for your models—David and Jonathan, Damon and Pythias, and Scylla and Charybdis."

ONE MILE FOR TWO CENTS

THE venerable farmer with the tobacco-stained whiskers and furrowed brow climbed aboard the limited across the line in Minnesota, and shambled into the smoker

"Mister," he drawled, when the conductor halted before him, "is that thar 2-cents-a-mile rate good on this train?"

"It is," replied the conductor brusquely. "Where is your ticket?"

The old man fumbled in the depths of an ancient shot bag

"Ain't got no ticket, mister," he said slowly, "but here be 2 cents. I never rode on one of those pesky flyers and I just want to feel the sensation. Put me off after I've rode one mile"

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION

THE teacher had been reading to the class about the great forests of Canada.

"And now, boys," she announced afterward, "which one of you can tell me the pine that has the longest and sharpest needles?"

Up went a hand in the front row.

"Well, Tommy?"

"The porcupine, ma'am"

FEELING HIS OATS

THE Parrot—"I notice since you have become a pet in this house the lady has been feeding you on Scotch oats. Have any effect on you?"

The Owl—"Well, I should say so Instead of saying plain 'Hoot' as usual, I say 'Hoot mon.'"

UNDERSTANDING HIS QUALIFICATIONS

[illegible] advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments

"Well," he said to a late applicant, "I suppose you can read anything, and write anything, and figure a little, and use the typewriter a little, and—"

"Naw!" interrupted the boy, "If I could do all them things, I'd strike ver fer yer own job. I ain't nothin' but an office boy."

He got the position.

SHOP TALK BY THE EDITOR

THE LITTLE EMPIRE BUILDER

APART from its artistic charm, there is a deep significance in our cover design for this month. The foundation of an empire is laid by the older folk, but it is to the children that we must look for its upbuilding. The little lad in the picture which Florence Pretz has drawn for us, is typical of the future makers of the nation—brave, serious, interested, studying his problem, ready for his work, worthy son of the founders of the land, a real little Empire Builder.

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

TWO thousand miles of canoeing, including a narrow escape from drowning in the Athabasca River, was just one part of the exploring expedition in the Canadian Northwest from which Mr. Ernest Thompson Seton has recently returned, bringing back with him rare botanical and zoolog cal specimens, original maps, photographs, and much new and valuable scientific and literary material, and a great enthusiasm for that northern land which he calls the white man's last opportunity.

Mr. Seton spent seven months on his trip. He discovered a number of lakes and rivers to which he, in conjunction with the Geographical Survey of Canada, is giving names. He studied the animals, making an especial study of the barren ground caribou, the wolverine, the white wolf, the Arctic fox, the lynx, the musk ox and the wild buffalo—of all of which he obtained photographs. He studied also the potentialities of the country and was astonished at the enormous areas of high class agricultural land which after lying idle for so many centuries is now being developed and into which settlers by the thousands are pouring.

Who has not sat entranced over Mr Seton's nature stories? Who will not welcome an opportunity to hear his account of this new and marvellous land?

All of which is preliminary to saying that the Canada-West magazine has been so fortunate as to secure Mr Seton's first article on "The New Northwest" and will publish it, with a map by the author, in an early number of the magazine

THE MAN WHO ARRIVES

IN this number of the CANADA-W[illegible] the Reader magazine a remarkable article by Sara Hamilton Birchall, "The Man Who Arrives." We are doing this for two reasons: First, because the article itself is unusual, Miss Birchall having succeeded in getting away from the main-travelled roads of discriptive writing; and, second, because we want our readers to know what the Reader Magazine is doing for Canada.

When a publication like the Reader Magazine devotes some seven or eight pages to the discussion of a question of first importance to every good Canadian, it does Canada a great good. When it tells of the thousands of men who are arriving here—of the thousands of men who are building homes here and making fortunes here—it incites other thousands to come and do likewise, and it helps just that

much in the great work of making Canada a great nation. Canadians would find it difficult to repay such a service.

As we have said, Miss Birchall has succeeded in getting away from the main-travelled roads of descriptive writing and has made for herself a trail that abounds in picturesque and entertaining features. She has seen the Canadian immigrant with fresh eyes and unjaded enthusiasm and she has depicted him in his various nationalities so well that the world may see him too. She has caught the exact spirit of those who seek the West to try "a hazard of new fortunes."

Irish, German, French, Hungarian, the Russian Doukhobor, the English remittance man and the rest are there. Miss Birchall travelled from Winnipeg to Victoria, B. C. and back again, studying "The Man Who Arrives" in the immigration offices and in all his later phases, and she wrote her article with her material before her. Altogether, she has given us an unusual and most interesting and valuable production.

"THE HOMESTEADERS" NEXT MONTH

THERE could be no more complete contrast than between our last serial, "The Furnace" by Philip Payne, with its dramatic situations and record of deep passions; and the new one, which begins in the February number.

"The Homesteaders," by Mrs. Beckton, has the same everyday, realistic atmosphere that one finds in "The Annals of a Quiet Neighborhood" and in "Cranford," and it holds the interest in the same manner. As a picture of life in Western Canada it is perfect. The writer knows whereof she writes, and she writes with a sympathetic touch and in a clear pleasing style that takes one immediately captive. The illustrations for the story will be by Frederick Schwalm, which is a guarantee that they will give an added charm to the story.

FROM SASKATCHEWAN

THE following letter from Russell T. Blight of Grenfell, Saskatchewan, is characteristic of the correspondence that comes to our desk from the readers of the CANADA WEST, and we reprint it because we believe you will be as interested in reading it, as we are.

"Having just received the CANADA-WEST MAGAZINE, I feel I must write and say how pleased I am with it. Its contents are interesting, and it is a delight to read it every month. It will be my pleasure to recommend this magazine to others, because I think it is a splendid book for the West, and I wish you every success."

It is a real pleasure to us to read such letters from the people of the Last West. The CANADA WEST MAGAZINE is for them, and their approval is its greatest success.

DR. SHAILER MATHEWS' PAPERS

WHAT does Religion mean to you? To those whom we call The Orthodox, of any land or any race, it means the subscribing to a creed, and the living in accord with the principles implied in it? The orthodox Jew lives very close to his creed; so does the orthodox Brahmin. The orthodox Christian—well, some of them do. To the ethical-culturist, Religion means lectures on Aristotle or Bernard Shaw; to the infidel it means superstition and tyranny, something to be attacked. To the mass of mankind it means faith in a creator, who is in some way responsible for us, his creatures.

Religion has changed the map of the world. In times past, men and dynasties and nations have risen and fallen for it. And right now, to-day, in this "business" age, there is no other subject that can claim so wide spread an interest. To be sure, most people do not talk so much about it as they do about the stock market, or the weather, or the newest thing in literature or hats; but for that matter, do most people talk very much about any of the things that lie deepest with them? It is only to a tried and sympathetic listener,

and even then only when the mood and the conditions chime, that one speaks of the love he feels for his home and his family, or of the thrill that comes at a sudden and unexpected glimpse of his country's flag, or of what he hopes to do,—and what he wishes that he had not done. The things that are nearest the heart are the things about which we are the most silent.

But what man or woman is there, educated or ignorant, who has not sometimes wondered why we are here; has not had his times of speculating on "the whence and the whither" of the human soul; has not felt the awe that comes of meditating on the marvel of infinity.

Some there are who are not content to simply speculate, but spend the best of their time and their ability in the study of these matters, bringing to bear the whole strength of their minds for the solution of problems that are, by the nature of things, of vital concern to humankind. When a man of mental power, acknowledged far above the ordinary, and of sound and tried judgment, and, withal, a clear and entertaining writer, has anything to tell the world as to his conclusions on these matters, the most of us are wide awake to listen.

Such a man is Dr. Shailer Mathews, whose articles on "The Modern Man and The Gospel" are scheduled for an early appearance in the CANADA-WEST. Dr. Mathews is widely known as scholar, educator and author, besides being the editor of a successful magazine, "The World To-day." He is also Dean of the University of Chicago Divinity College. Among his best known works are "The Church and The Changing Order," "The French Revolution—a sketch," "The Social Teachings of Jesus," and "The Messianic Hope in the New Testament." His writings are marked by broadness of vision, sound scholarship, and a lucid and finished style.

The series of articles on "The Modern Man and the Gospel" will be of especial interest to the modern man and woman. Dr. Mathews recognizes the questioning tendency of the day, recognizes that it is a legitimate outcome of the life we live. He is not discouraged by it, he does not even stop to deplore it; but he sets himself to answer some of the questions that the modern man is asking. He utters no reproaches that the firm faith of the fathers is in danger of becoming but wavering faith in the sons; he indulges in no exhortations, and in no eloquent generalizations. His method is a careful sifting of testimony, and a masterly presentation of arguments. It is a great task to undertake, the attempt to make plain to puzzled minds the truth about things that have to do with the human souls, and no one could be better fitted by training, temperament and ability for such a task, than is Dr. Mathews.

We prophesy that you will look forward from month to month for the next article of the series.

The Editor.

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP.

The best Syrup it is possible to make is not one bit too good for home use. It is the *only* Syrup you should use. The purity and superior quality of "CROWN BRAND" are demonstrated by its clear golden color, its delicious creamy sweetness and its delicate flavor. No other syrup is so good for every household purpose. For table use or for cooking "CROWN BRAND SYRUP" is unsurpassed. To get the best always ask for "CROWN BRAND" Corn Syrup.

YOUR DEALER KEEPS IT IN AIR-TIGHT TINS.

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NEW WESTMINSTER, B. C.

The city of New Westminster, B. C., on the banks of the Fraser River, enjoys the distinction of being the only fresh water harbor for ocean going vessels on the Canadian Pacific coast. It is the business centre of a large developed agricultural district. Some of the largest lumber mills of the coast are located on the Fraser within the city limits, and immense quantities of building materials are loaded direct to ocean going vessels for export to Mexico, South America and Great Britain. Upwards of fifty manufacturing plants are in full swing. Good openings for flour mills, shoe factory, fruit and vegetables canneries, splendid transportation facilities are afforded by the C. P. R., G. N. R., and three suburban electric car lines now running and under construction, and numerous lines of Fraser River steamboats. Population 12,000 and rapidly increasing.

EDMONTON.

This young capital city of Alberta is beautifully situated on the north bank of the Saskatchewan. The city owns and operates its water service, electric light plant and telephone system. Edmonton is essentially a modern and model town and is being built up by young business men of progressive ideas and keen foresight. It is served by three railway lines and is surrounded by the richest and blackest crop-producing soil in the world. Edmonton offers to-day opportunities to the wholesaler. There is unlimited work for the carpenter and builder. Money is to be made in the Edmonton district in cattle and dairying, in the raising of sheep and hogs, and the growing of flax. Lignite coal and natural gas, cheap power and ample shipping facilities make easy the way for the far-seeing and ambitious manufacturer.

KAMLOOPS, B. C.

Is a progressive city on the main line of the C. P. R. 250 miles east of Vancouver. Its population is 2,000, with a tributary stock raising, fruit growing and general farming district. The lumber industry is assuming large proportions. Copper, iron and coal deposits offer opportunities for the investment of capital. Fruit growing as an industry is now fully established and a large acreage is now producing enormous crops of apples, peaches, tomatoes, grapes, melons, etc. There are openings for a cannery, cold storage plant, foundry, creamery, etc. Adjacent country accessible by railway, hundreds of miles of navigable streams and lakes and wagon roads. The climate is mild and equable. The settler, tourist, sportsman and capitalist will find many things of interest in this city and district.